VIRGIL'S
ÆNEIS:
THE
Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth
BOOKS.

Translated by

JAMES HARRINGTON.

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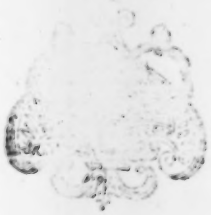

To the

READER.

READER,

THe *translation of* Virgil *hath not been my Work, but my Play; and any liberty at this Play not erring from good Poetry, I hold not onely lawful, but such as maybe commendable: upon this score it is, that I have added out of* Ronsard *the famous similitude of the Caterpillar, both to set it by those of* Virgil, *which* Paquier *saith it ex-*

cels, and to enrich our Language with it. For the Verſes in the fourth Book, concerning the Agrarian, *they are according to* Servius *upon the place, without whoſe Commentary it is not rightly to be underſtood, ſo at leaſt by other tranſlators it ſhould ſeem.* Virgil's *poetry is the beſt in Latine; and he who can bring it to be the beſt in Engliſh, be his liberty for the reſt what it will, ſhall be his trueſt tranſlator: which granted, the Engliſh Reader may ſufficiently judge of like tranſlations, without referring himſelf unto the Originals.*

The Translator to the Author.

VIrgil, *my Soveraign in Poetry,*
I never flatter'd Prince, nor will I thee:
Nor would I be injurious to thy name;
Such Crime it is to hurt a princes fame,
That they who do it, justly have the curse,
Even at their boasted best, to do far worse.
Yet things and persons well distinguish'd, we,
What's possible, and what is not, may see.
Thou never shalt perswade me to inform
Our Age, (a) Æneas *in thy greatest storm*
Could raise both palmes, though to the Gods; one hand
At least had hold, or there he could not stand.
(b) *Nor is it in a Picture to devise* (thice:
How Hector *round his* Troy *should be dragg'd*
Thou shalt not make me say, (c) *A Fleet could glide*
Without a Wind or Oare, a Stream or Tide.

(a) Et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas. 1 Æn. 97.
(b) Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora mutos. 1 Æn. 487.
(c) Interea fessos ventus cum sole reliquit;
Ignariq; viæ Cyclopum allabimur oris. 3 Æn. 568.

Nor that an (d) *Archer in the Empty Ayr*
His Art and ſounding Bow, or to compare
Or boaſt with any other e'er was ſeen.
I will not yeild that the (e) *enamour'd Queen*
Should ſpare a tear that ſhe to ſtay had no
Little Æneas, *when the great would go.*
(f) *Like* Thyas *in the bouncing Bacchanal,*
(g) *Like* Pentheus, *mad* Oreſtes, *never ſhall*
I ſhew her overt paſſion. Leige Lord,
In theſe I may not give thee word for word;
Nor if my freedom be obtain'd in theſe,
Shall I be nice to uſe it as I pleaſe.

(d) Qui tamen ætherias telum contorſit in auras,
Oſtentans artem pariter, arcumq; ſonantem. 5 Æn. 520.
(e) Si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret,
Non equidem omnino capta aut deſerta viderer. 4 Æn. 328.
(f) Bacchatur qualis commotis excita ſacris
Thyas. 4 Æn. 300.
(g) Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus.
4 Æn. 470.

Vir-

VIRGIL's Æneis.

The Third BOOK.

THe Gods thus pleas'd to over-turn the Throne
Of *Priam*, with his guiltleſs race, to one
Neptunian Troy, now no where to be found,
But all in Embers ſmoaking on the ground;
By Oracles diſpers'd, and forc'd into
Exile, for wafts, or unknown worlds we go:
The Woods of *Ida*, fram'd into a Fleet,
Afford us waftage, launching at her feet;
We gather men, embarque, uncertain where
We ſhall be landed by the Fates to ſteer:
But *Summer* in his bloom perſwaded, ſo
Did chill *Anchiſes* in his Winter-ſnow.
We recommend our Sayls unto the Sphears,
And take our leave of fallow *Troy* with Tears.
The Shores manured by the Sons of *Thrace*,
(A Land in league with us, while Fortune was)
Firſt to our fraight their crooked border yeild,
Where in a moſt unhappy hour we build
A City of my name; to conſecrate
By more auſpicious Powers the growing ſeat:
A Bull to *Jove* was ſlain, and I upon
A ſprouting Knowl to gather Boughs, was gone;
As here I lug the Spiny, force the Wood,
The Roots come weeping up with Tears of Blood.
Horrour benums me, yet again to try,
I am inflam'd by Curioſity,

And pull the ſappy plumage as before,
Up comes another Feather in her Gore.
Mars of the place! Nymphs of the bloody Field!
How fervent were my Prayers to you, to ſhield!
But my Devotion's paſt, I ſet my foot
Againſt a Stock, and ſtrain'd a deeper root.
It is not to be told! there came a groan
Out of the hollow Earth, which made this moan:
Æneas, let thy pious hands forbear
To violate a Trojane Sepulchre,
And flee this covetous and cruel ſhore,
Thou ſee'ſt the blood of murder'd *Polidore*;
Whoſe wounded Boſom feeds the Iron Roots,
From whence this living ſheaf of Arrows ſhoots.
This, *Polidore*, did *Priam*, (in deſpaire
Of drooping *Troy*) that he might ſave an heir,
By ſtealth with mighty hoards of Treaſure ſend
Unto the King of *Thrace*, his ancient Friend.
But he (O ſoul of Man how art thou ſold
Unto that execrable thirſt of Gold!)
Our Arms paſt hope, or fear, no ſooner ſaw
Then violating all the bonds of Law,
He ſlew the Child, and on the Treaſure prey'd,
A bloody work with guilty wages paid.
Theſe prodigies upon my heart-ſtrings hung,
My riſing hair let looſe, and ti'd my tongue.
Come to my ſelf, in Counſel I reveal
The dark diſcovery to our Commonweal,
And ask their ſentence; all as one agree
To flee the faithleſs Coaſt immediately.
Yet firſt to *Polidore*, a Mount we raiſe,
Where Altars in their mourning Cypreſs blaze.

The Trojane Matrons tear their hair, from bowls
Of Blood and Milk a dappled current rouls,
To waft the wandring Ghost unto his Cell;
Where weeping, we pronounce his last farewel.
Trust to the Sea, and to the Gales, that flew
With *Auster*'s wings, no sooner seemed due,
Then we imbarqu'd into the harmless play;
The guilty Shores and Cities stole away.
A sacred Isle which *Phœbus* floting found,
Ere he to *Gyarus* and *Mycon* bound
The Wandress, blest from thence the winds to mock
And harbour Sea-blew *Doris* and her Flock,
Receives us next into her calmy road,
Where we revere the City of the God.
King *Anius*, King and Priest, salutes us in
His Royal Purple, and his Mitre green;
His ancient Friend *Anchises* knows, and brings
Us to his Palace first, the seat of Kings,
And shortly to the Temple of the God
(A bowing Rock sustains the rev'rent load)
Where we invoke the Delian Shrine, and pray
Assistance and Direction in our way.
The stony Mountain trembled at the door
Her re-inliven'd Tress green *Daphne* tore,
And as we fall upon the prostrate Ground,
These words from out the holy Threshold bound:
Inured *Dardani*, well repeat your course,
And take your ancient Mother for your Nurse;
Æneas his Posterity and theirs,
Shall rule the world in no embrace but hers.
This News into tumultuous gladness breaks,
Yet every one enquires, and no man speaks

The Countrey that the Oracle affords,
Till thus *Anchises* skill'd in our Records:
Fathers, attend unto your hopes, there lies
An Island where an hundred Cities rise,
The Cradle of high *Jove*, and of our Sire
Great *Teucer*, *Crete*, from whence ere *Troy* had spire
Or wall, he came the first to furl his sails
Upon her Coast, and till her humble vales.
This Isle, where stands a Mountain of the same,
Unto the Woods of *Ida* gave the name.
Mother *Cibele* with her sacred haunts,
Her secret rites, her brazen Corybants,
Her Chariot and the shaggy Team they drive
Of ramping Lyons, all from thence derive.
Proceed we then, as with the Gods is meet,
The third Sun rising shall present us *Crete*.
Unto the gusts we give a colly'd Ram,
And to the lucky Gales a snowy Lamb,
To *Neptune* and *Apollo* each a Sturk
Is sacrific'd, and so we fall to work.
Idomeneus (as we learn) bereft
Of his paternal Throne, this Isle had left,
VVhere fallow Fields expect a forraign Plough.
VVe loose from *Delos*, and to Sea we go.
By rising *Naxos*, with her ruby Boss,
By green *Donysa*, by *Oliaros*,
By hills of Parian Snow, where troubled Seas
Are broken by the scatter'd *Cyclades*.
VVe run before the wanton VVinds that follow;
Unto the Shores our wanton Saylors hallow,
The Shores of native *Crete* that come apace,
VVhere we in hast another City raise,

In-

Indeared by the name of *Pergamum*;
And here I bid my people welcome home.
Here ſtir them up to fortifie their ſheds,
Enjoy their hearths, and make their marriage-beds
Our empty Veſſels on the beaches ſtrand,
The Plough is fallen to the Pilots hand;
And I to my new Realm was giving Laws,
When ſome dire Vapour having cleft the Jaws
Of Earth, or poyſon'd all her foodful ſap,
Her Off-ſpring blaſted at the wither'd pap.
Souls in their bodies loathing ſtay, or go
In grief, he digs his grave that holds the Plow.
Again, t' enquire at *Delos*, how we fail,
Anchiſes urgeth me to ſet my ſail;
But ere the dawn agree, prophetick night
In ſacred Viſion reveals the light,
While Trojane Deities aſſembled all
On this reſult unanimouſly fall.
Æneas, it is not the petty Iſle
Of *Crete*, *Apollo* judges worth the while;
There is a place the Greeks *Heſperia* call,
An ancient Countrey, Fat and Martial,
Which once th' *Oenotrian* plough'd, but wider Fame
From *Italus* derives her newer name.
Hence was your Grandſire *Dardanus*, and here
Alone can finiſh'd be the courſe you ſteer.
Rais'd from my bed, the Gods in ſacrifice
I thank, then ſhew my Father what mine eyes
And ears had ſeen and heard; he ſoon perceives
The doubt our double web'd extraction weaves
By *Dardanus* and *Teucer*, where they meet
In lines deriv'd from *Italy* and *Crete*,

And

And now recalls what had been clear'd ſo long
Ago by unbeliev'd *Caſſandra*'s Song.
To *Neptune* we return, and launching ſtem
His foamy rampards with the hollow beam:
Now all was loſt but Heav'n and Sea, when o'er
Our heads a Cloud that night and winter bore
VVith dreadful throws diſcharg'd her mighty womb:
To this the haſting VVinds and Billows come:
Our ſayls are rags, our ſhrouds and cables threds,
VVhile liquid hills divorce our floating ſheds:
Nor are the waters in their flowing ire,
More loud or boyſterous then the skyes in fire.
Three Circuits of the Sun, three of the Moon;
Not *Palinure* himſelf from Night knew Noon.
Upon the fourth begins the Land to rear
Her welcome head, and criſp her ſmoaky hair.
VVe furle our ſails, and ſtanding to our Ores,
Curry the VVaves, and bruſh the foamy ſhores.
This is acknowledg'd to the Strophades,
The cruel Iſles yet ſav'd us from the Seas.
Here dire *Celeno* and her Siſters dwell,
The Harpies belch'd out of the Jaws of Hell
VVhile *Phineus* reign'd, and by the Gods aſſign'd
To be the Tyrants gueſts when e'er he din'd.
Theſe Fowls, with famine ever pale, in looks
Reſembling Virgins, while their feet are hooks,
Their Feathers always loathſome in their Mute,
Since *Phineus* broke up houſe, are in purſuit
Of other prey. As we upon the plain,
Of wanton heards, not aw'd by any ſwain,
And of the Veniſon which the Goat affords,
Made bold to carve our ſelves with hungry Swords;

To

To ſmoake the crooked ſhores with ſtately fare,
And to invite the Gods unto their ſhare.
The ſuddain Harpy from the mountains ſtoops,
Tearing the Air with brazen winged Troops,
With ſhreiks, with ſtench, and filth to be abhor'd,
Plunders the feaſt, and leaves the loathſom board.
We quit the ſhores, and try if hanging Rocks
Our Tables placed under ſpreading Oaks
May ſhelter, while we eat, and incenſe burn.
They from their craggy ſalliports return,
And wheeling charge; away our Victuals ſlink,
Or if they tarry, poyſon with the ſtink.
But eat we muſt: War with the Iron Pounce,
War with the Kites of Hell, I here denounce.
Our ſwords, our ſhields in buſhes hidden, ſtrait
Our ſmoaky boards ſtand luring with the bait,
When they their Wings, and we our Trumpets ſound,
We arm and charge them in their ſtooping round;
But neither deal a blow their backs can feel,
Nor yeilds a Feather to the dint of Steel,
Till each beſpatter'd by a naſty Gull,
They leave us with their greedy Talons full.
Onely *Celeno* perch'd upon a Rock,
Diſgorg'd a propheſie, which thus ſhe broke:
Sons of *Laomedon*, ſuffic'd it not
Our Herds and Flocks are gone unto the Pot,
That you by War endeavour to exile
The Ayry's of the Harpies from their Iſle?
Hear me for this (what *Jove* to *Phœbus* told,
He to the Furies, doth their Queen unfold)
For *Italy* you go, and *Italy*
Implored Gales in time ſhall make you ſee;

But

But never think to build or lay a ſtone,
Till Famine, to revenge the wrong now done
You through the want of other Victual, bring
To eat your board. Which ſaid, ſhe took her wing.
Cold are the drops our men benummed ſweat,
Their ſwords fall down, their courages retreat;
They, whether feinds or higher powers, with theſe
Truſt to no other Arms, then pray't for peace.
My Father chief in this Devotion
Draws to the ſhores, and haſts us, we are gone.
Our ſvvelling ſailes, and ſnowy prows ſtand forth,
Steer'd by the vvinds and Pilots for the North.
Dulichium, Same, Neritos the ſteep,
Shady *Zacynthos*, riſe out of the deep;
The Rocks of *Ithaca* our Trojanes curſe,
And flee the Realm that vvas *Ulyſſes* Nurſe.
Anon *Leucata* vvith the cloudy peer
Opens her Temple to the Saylors fear;
Yet vveather-beaten vve approach, and come
Unto an Anchor at ſmall *Actium*.
The unexpected ſhore vvith holy flames
We conſecrate, and vvith our Trojane games;
For Joy to have ſo oft eſcap'd the Greek,
In fragrant Oyl our ſporting Youth is ſleek.
Here vve remain, vvhile on the liquid Stage,
Snow-driven VVinter acts his Northern rage;
Then vvith the milder ſeaſon quit the ſhores,
Salute the eaſier furrow vvith our Oares,
As Caterpillars with a thouſand feet, Ronſard.
The pleated bark of trees in Summer greet.
Corcyra's towers are bury'd in the VVave,
And now *Epirus* riſeth from the Grave,

Di-

Directing us by his extended beach
To the *Chaonian* Haven, vvhich vve reach,
And thence aſcend *Buthrotum* ſeated high,
VVhere Fame exceedeth all Credulity.
We are aſſur'd, that *Helenus* a ſon
Of *Priam*, here enjoys a Grecian Throne
By fair *Andromache*, as ſhe vvas Queen
To *Pyrrhus*, vvho her ſecond Lord had been.
Amaz'd at firſt, then raviſh'd vvith delight,
We hye us to behold the joyful ſight.
'Twas on a ſolemn day, vvhen all in green
The Tomb of *Hector* ſtood before the Queen
By feigned *Simois*, in ſhady Groves,
Where Tears and Altars offer'd to their Loves.
Among the Trojane Enſignes, ſhe my face
No ſooner knew, than ſunk upon the place;
And long it vvas ere ſhe could overtake
Her flitting ſoul, but thus at length ſhe ſpake:
Is it *Æneas!* living! or how from
The ſhades is he vvithout my *Hector* come!
At which ſhe flow'd with tears, & broke with ſhreeks
The ſilence of the Woods and hollow creeks:
While faultring I reply'd, Sure live I do;
The ſigne of humane life is ſence of vvo:
But vvhoſe is *Hectors* dear *Andromache?*
She bluſh'd, ſhe hung her head, and cry'd, Ah me,
Polyxena vvhom kinder *Pyrrhus* gave
A ſacrifice unto his Fathers grave,
Bleſt Maid! thou vvert not hal'd away, nor led
The tainted Trophy of the Victors bed;
Thou did'ſt not live to ſee thy Country burn,
But ſleep'ſt vvith *Troy*, and in an holy Urn.

I savv *Troy* Embers, by her Foe thence torn,
To bear him Children, and to bear his scorn,
Till *Pyrrhus* for my paines forsook his slave,
And on *Hermione* began to rave;
At vvhich the vvild *Orestes* jealous grevv,
And vvith like faith the faithless lover slevv.
Thus came I to enjoy the Realm you see,
Which novv to *Helenus* is come by me:
At this the King in Royal pomp appears,
VVhose joy, as he beholds me, speaks in tears.
By him embrac'd, and led unto the Court,
I greet nevv *Troy*, and at the Scæan Port,
Novv shallovv *Xanthus*, novv the Castle, then
The goodly Palace ovvns her Country-men,
VVhile in her Roomthy-Hall vve suck the blood
Of Vines, and golden Plate presents us food.
Some days thus past, the Gales reprove delay,
And I to *Helenus* approaching say,
That vve the destin'd *Italy* invade
The Gods, and all Religion persvvade,
Alone *Celeno* hath denounced ire.
Thou vvho art full of the *Phœbean* fire,
VVho understand'st the Tripode, and the flight
Of Birds, the starry cypher of the night;
Shevv vvhat it is I am to shun or follovv.
The Royal Prophet offer'd to *Apollo*,
Then loos'd his vvreath, and gave this Oracle:
Of your adventure all is clear and full,
Jove has assign'd you *Italy*; the way
Is that alone which leaves me more to say.
For *Italy* is not so short a cut
As you have with your self imagin'd, but

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Divided far by envious Capes that jet,
Which ere you double *Sicily* must wet
Your pliant Ore upon her borders, these
Deliver you unto *Ausonian* Seas,
And *Circe* with infernal brine, before
You can attain unto the promis'd shore.
Observe this signe, and bear it in your mind,
Where you on *Tybers* silent Bank shall finde
A mighty Sow give suck to thirty Pigs,
Lay your foundation, there your fortune digs.
Nor fear *Celeno*, whatsoe'er she say,
Phœbus is good, and Fate will finde a way.
But have a care to flee the hither Coast,
These parts are peopled by the Grecian Hoast.
The *Locri Brutium* have taken in
Cretan Idomeneus, *Salentin*,
And *Melibean Philoctetes* small
Petilia, that leans upon his Wall.
Our Seas are vext by no Italian creek
That is not pester'd with the wicked Greek.
Again, when you in safety wafted o'er,
On Altars come to pay the pious score,
Such Rites left envious eyes, or wandring fowl,
Perform them cover'd with the Purple Cowl,
An Ordinance religiously to be
Observed by your chaste Posterity.
But if by stress on the Sicilian shore
You fall so as to open streight *Pelore*;
Star-board with all your might, and rather round
The whole Isle sail, then trust the faithless sound.
These borders eaten by the gnawing flood,
And time whose ruines cannot be withstood,

Themſelves are ſaid in ſunder to have rent,
When anciently they were one continent.
The Sea now ruſht between them, rages high
To ſee the parted ſhores and Cities eye.
Implacable *Charybdis* on the Coaſts
Of *Sicily*, lies drinking to the Ghoſts,
And ſpewing foam unto the ſtarry Sky;
While *Scylla*, on the skirts of *Italy*,
Cruſhes the Keel, or Knaps with ragged Jaws
The Maſt that comes within an hundred Claws;
Her Claws are Crags, each Crag a houling Dog,
Her Head is Woman, and her Tail Sea-hog.
Follow the main unto his utmoſt bounds,
Or flee this Huntreſs with the deep-mouth'd Hounds.
Further, if *Helenus* have any skill
Or truth, or know at all *Apollo*'s will;
One thing I recommend, one above all,
Unceſſantly on courted *Juno* call,
Preſent the potent Lady, vanquiſh her,
So all the warned perils ſhall you clear,
Safely committed unto *Italy*.
Where when at *Cuma* you attain to ſee
The hallow'd Lake *Avernus*, in the vale
There lies a Cave which founding VVoods impale,
The Temple where inſpir'd *Sybilla* heaves
VVith holy rage, and ſings the Fates on leaves.
On leaves the Virgin writes her Propheſie,
VVhich, while the Cave is ſhut, together lye;
But if the door but breath the Air, diſperſe,
Nor ever cares ſhe to retrive a Verſe.
VVhence Votaries, but loſing what they ſeek,
The rout defames *Sybilla*'s hollow creek.

But let not this at all discourage thee,
For thou art not a common Votary:
To thee the divers Nations that dwell
In *Italy*, her willing tongue shall tell.
She shall enlighten thee in all Affairs,
Direct thy course, thy Counsels and thy VVars.
Go on and prosper, this is all that I
Can say, but that thy *Troy* shall reach the Sky.
The Prophet and the Prince, in doom no more
Propitious, then free of his full store,
Forthwith thus sends us laden to the hold,
VVith Brass, with Silver, Ivory and Gold;
Our Fleet with Victuals, Cordage, Men and Horse,
VVith Oares and Arms his Bounties re-inforce,
To me the Helm in which great *Pyrrhus* shon
He adds; *Andromache* presents my son
VVith rarities enrich'd by Nature, and
The richer labour of her curious hand;
VVear these, says she, my Love, and never give
Them unto any body while you live;
Thou picture of my sweet *Astyanact*,
So he imbrac'd (dear soul) and so he smackt
VVho had been of thy age. VVhile all in brine
VVe take our leaves, thus said I taking mine:
Live, who have liv'd to overcome your share
Of Fortunes tyranny, live happy pair
In Countries not to be enquir'd of Seas,
Possess the *Troy* of your own hands in peace,
Till promis'd *Tyber* yeilding unto us,
Each people sprung out of one *Dardanus*,
And exercis'd in like adventures, clip
And make one *Troy* againe of either slip.

VVhich utter'd, we embarque our ſelves, and weigh.
Our Oares upon the border bleach the Sea,
The border of *Ceraunian* cliffs that but
On *Italy*, and ſhew the ſhorteſt cut.
Now ſhady night deſcended from the ſteep,
Upon whoſe graſſy ſhirts we ſup and ſleep.
But *Palinurus*, ere in ſable bowers,
She yet had counted half her ſooty hours,
VVas up and reading in the VVinds, the Air,
The gliding Hieroglyphicks of the Sphere;
Till well-inſtructed we aloof diſcern
The flamy ſigne upon his parting ſtern,
And boarding ſteer unto the Lamp; till day
Take both his ſtar, and thoſe of Heav'n away.
VVith riſing light there ſeem'd to riſe a Cloud.
Achates firſt crys *Italy*, which loud
Our joyful Fleet ſalutes. *Anchiſes* takes
Full bowls, and drenches Seas with purple lakes
Unto the Godheads of the Chriſtal ſound;
The Gales in ſwarmes upon our Canvas bound,
VVhile neerer comes the Land, which now extends
Her Arms, and ſhews a boſome as to Friends.
Unto the waves that from the Eaſtern flow,
There lies an Haven, bent like any bow,
And tip'd with Rocks at each extended Horn,
VVhere flinty beach with liquid Salt is worn:
The inner Part a ſacred Temple ſhews,
VVhich as we neerer come, the farther goes.
Lo here through mighty Paſtures clad in green
Four Steeds, as white as driven Snow, are ſeen
To forrage wide, and ſheer the graſſy Plain:
At which report, *Anchiſes* cries amain,

VVar

War, cruel War, inhospitable Land,
Thou hast denounced on thy foamy strand;
Yet have we seen a pair or two of these
Obedient to the rain, it may be peace.
A shore to *Pallas* Guardian of the Land,
And in her Fane, which now hath made a stand,
As *Helenus* prescrib'd, we offer blood,
And worship *Juno* in the Purple Hood;
Which done, we tack about immediately,
And from the Greeks suspected quarters flee.
Herculean Tarentum on a Bay
Shews opposite to high *Lacinia:*
Anon the lofty Towr's of *Caulon* rise,
With which the craggy *Scylacæum* vyes.
Now far away *Sicilian Ætna*'s spide;
The Sea begins to heave, and drive a tide
On beaten Rocks. We hear the broken shore
Tearing his Marble throat, the breaches roar:
Star-board as you are Men, *Anchises* cry'd,
It is the streight of which was propheſi'd.
No sooner had he said, then Surges sweep
Us thrice into the bowels of the deep,
And 'bounding from the ghosts as oft, we rise
Unto the dewy Stars, and foamy Skies,
Till *Palinure* had brought his prow to right,
And after him the rest with all their might.
Thus from the Gulph, and *Scylla* snatcht, we ply
All night along the Coast of *Sicily*.
A mighty port, whose peace, no tumult made
By rising Billows, ever could invade,
Yet with the thundring *Ætna* by his side,
Our roving Fleet receiv'd, and terrifi'd:

This *Ætna* groaning vomits pitch, and charks
The Air with cloudy ſmoak, and ſtarry ſparks;
Sometimes ſhe reaches, and ſometimes ſhe choaks,
Or coughs and ſpets her Lungs of molten Rocks.
Enceladus, (when with the Gods above
The Gyants warred) thunder-ſtruck by *Jove*
Lies glowing under this prodigious pile,
And if he do but turn him, ſhakes the Iſle.
In unknown Woods we quarter'd on this ſhore,
And deep in darkneſs many Monſters bore,
Voyces were heard, and ſounds, nor had the night
A Feather in her ſable wing, of white,
By which vve might diſcover vvhence they vvere,
Until *Aurora* kemb'd her dewy hair.
When lo! a vvretch ſo rough and over-grown,
As vvhether man or beaſt vvas hardly known,
With doubtful ſteps out of his tapiſh drew,
And raiſing both his hands, appear'd in view
To make a ſtand, and on our Enſignes gaze;
At length with all his ſpeed he takes his race,
And throws himſelf at Old *Anchiſes* feet:
I am, ſays he, a Greek, vvas of their Fleet,
As deep as any in the Trojane blood;
Take me, and give me to the raging Flood.
I am a man, and let me dye by men:
At vvhich my Father took him up agen,
Gave him his hand, a pledge, what ever he
Had been, or done, he ſhould in ſafety be.
The vvretch aſſur'd, and willed to ſay on,
Proceeds; I am of *Ithaca*, the ſon
Of *Adamaſt*, whoſe fortune very low,
(But would it had contented) made me go

A

A Souldier with *Ulysses* to the Seas;
And for my name, 'tis *Achæmenides*.
Here did my Captain land with all his men,
And fleeing, leave me in the *Cyclops* Den,
A vast, a gloomy cave, a bloody Hall
Bestrew'd with bones which from the Table fall,
Where men are in their braines for sauce serv'd up
Unto the Gyant, if he dine or sup.
Heav'n ease the Earth of such a Curse! I saw
Two of our number eaten by him raw:
Upon the bloody floor he wallowing dash'd
Their Sculls against the rocky Cave, and crash'd
Their bones, the morsels trembled in his teeth;
Which when his strutting paunch began to seeth,
And he had belch'd up gobbits, spewed gore,
He stretching out his neck, began to snore
And close the eye, which in the furrought field
Of his broad brow, hung like a Grecian sheild.
At which we storm'd his Sconce, and puncht his light,
His peeping hole, into eternal night.
But flee, O flee, or I have said no more
Then you will find in hundreds on this shore,
Sons of the *Cyclops*, built with spar and beam,
And quarter'd like their Granfire *Polypheme*.
Scarce had he said, when lo! aloof we saw
The living load begin it self to draw,
And *Polyphem* to Heav'n erect his crest,
A blind, an horrid, huge mishapen beast.
His footing guides he with a lopped Tree,
His fleecy flocks afford him company.
A pipe (the onely solace of his woes)
Is hung about his neck, and thus he goes

By noted ſteps to Sea, and grinning laves
His gummy ulcer with the brackiſh Waves,
Which, at their depth, ſcarce take him to the waſte.
We cut our cables, and with all the haſte
Our Oares can make, to *Achæmenides*
Commit our ſafety, and unto the Seas.
Our flight the Monſter feeling, quickly knew,
But being too unweildly to purſue,
Set up his throat with ſuch an horrid rore,
As *Ætna* ſhook, and Oaken Foreſts tore.
At this the *Cyclops* from the Mountains ſtalk,
As if ſome Earthquake led their Pines a walk.
The fury of the North became as Gales,
While hence he raviſhed our willing Sails,
And we by hoarſe *Pantagia*, *Megare*
And *Tapſus* of our Grecian learn to fare.
Againſt *Plemmerium* lies *Ortigia*,
Whither from *Greece* *Alpheus* found a way
To deareſt *Arethuſa* through the deep,
And where th' inamour'd ſtreams together weep.
We offer Incenſe to this ſacred ſhore,
Thence by the Meadows which of fat *Elore*
Take mighty draughts, unto *Pachinus* ſhape
Our courſe, there double his exalted Cape,
And ſo to *Drapanum* we came, which coſt
Us more at Land, then we by Seas had loſt.
Here dy'd *Anchiſes*. Here he left me ſo.
In vain through Fire and Water do I go,
This not a Prophet had the power to tell,
Nor was the Hoarſe *Celeno* yet ſo fell.
But more, could it be paid, were leſs than due
To Heav'n, that brought me thus, great Queen, to you.

VIR-

VIRGIL's Æneis.

The Fourth BOOK.

THe Queen, whose bosom cruel care had found,
Burns with blind fire, and feeds an hidden wound:
Her working thoughts unto themselves present
The Valour of the man, his high descent;
His words, his looks, are printed in her breast,
Nor can her soul afford her body rest.
The Night was now deposed by the Sun,
When to her vvilling Sister she begun,
In waking dreams, her un-accustom'd fear,
Or hope, vvhich thus she breath'd in *Anna's* ear:
VVhat Guest is this, that darkens so our Court!
VVhat may that meen, that garb of his import!
Some Goddess bare him, for it must be so,
There is a taint of fear in all below,
VVhile his great Soul, ev'n by exhausted Fate
And War pursu'd, acquires increase of State.
VVere it not rooted in my steady breast,
All other Flame for ever to detest,
Since unpropitious love, but to benight
Me in *Sichæus*, shew'd me his false light,
I could, perhaps, to this one fault give way:
For, *Anna*, since my fire in ashes lay
VVith dead *Sichæus*, not a man alive
But this alone, could any spark retrive.
But may I, swallow'd by the earth descend,
Or *Jove* my Ghost vvith dreadful thunder send

Unto

Unto the ſhades that dwell in deepeſt night,
Ere I revoke the faith I once have plight;
The boſom he alone could teach to burn,
Be ever Embers in his ſilent Urn.
Which words, the freer ſpeech of her fair eyes
Repeats in ſhowres, while *Anna* thus replys:
Ah dearer Object than the light, will you
Alone, and ever, thus vvithſtand the due
Of Youth and Nature by miſtaken fears,
As if the Ghoſts regarded ſmiles or tears?
That you in *Tyre*, and *Africa* refus'd
Matches of great advantage, is excus'd,
You could not like perhaps; I do not blame
You for *Iarbaſes* nelected flame.
That intereſt alone ſhould never move,
Is well, but will you ſtrive with this, and love?
Conſider, how your new-born Empire ſtands
Inviron'd by the fierce *Numidians*,
There thirſty *Barce* fronts you, and this way
You have the Cities of *Getulia*,
Nor while *Pigmalion* threatens ſword and fire,
Are you diſcharged of the fear of *Tyre*.
On theſe I am confirm'd, our *Juno* thought,
And to your aid the vvelcome Trojane brought,
Or what acceſs can awe your neighbour-Lands,
Like that of *Troy* and *Carthage* joyning hands?
Be pleas'd to ponder this, and ask the reſt
Of Heav'n, vvhile vvinter entertains the Gueſt.
This Speech the blinder fire to flame hath blown,
VVhile Reaſon ſeconds Inclination:
The holy Temple is the firſt Addreſs,
VVhere they are Votaries for good ſucceſs:

Law-

Lawgiving Ceres *that inventing corn* Servius.
Is she, of whom bright Empire first was born,
While men, for Acorns tasting bread, began
To parcel fields by Laws Agrarian,
And thence (as lots have chanc'd to rise or fall)
Become the prize of One, or Few, or All:
Bacchus *that adds the Jewels of this Crown,*
Phœbus, *whose airy quire, when these were known*
Had time, and skill to sing their studi'd parts,
And Juno, *through whose aide, on all the Arts*
Succession is entail'd by sacred ties,
Are Powr's that taste the bleeding Sacrifice.
Dido between the horns of a white Cow,
Empties a bowl that mixes blood and snow.
Through spicy Clouds, among the Altars shines,
Or views the breathing entrails, and divines.
Vainly divines; where Passion is Zeal,
Nor Heav'n, nor Gods, but men themselves reveal:
The hidden wound beginneth to be seen,
These holy flames are fewel to the Queen.
The restless Queen, that as a bleeding Hinde
Surprised by a Dart, which did not minde,
But roving struck her, flyes the deadly reed
She carries in her flank with all her speed.
Thus roames she with *Æneas* up and down
The field, the secret grove, the gazing Town.
Her Arms, her Treasures to their newer Lord
Are shewn, till ev'ning bring them to the board,
Where he again his story must rehearse,
And she be rapt with his heroick Verse.
Thus with the dusky Moon their Tapers wast,
Until the hour of entertainment past.

And

And he unto his ſpicy chamber gone,
On her forſaken couch ſhe grieve alone,
Or try with ſoft *Aſcanius* on her knee,
If Love by likeneſs may deluded be.
But all this vvhile the City us'd to riſe
With Emulation to the threatned Skies,
Is at a ſtand, or rather ſeems to fall
Into a ruine, ere it have a Wall:
The Youth immers'd in ſoft amours, and VVine,
Slacken the Nerve of Martial Diſcipline;
VVhich *Juno* when ſhe found (reſenting ſore
That Fame could give the Law to love no more)
Thus charged *Venus* vvith the guilt; A great
Increaſe of Honour, (Beauty) from this Feat
Muſt to your ſelf, and to your ſon accrevv,
That tvvo ſuch Gods one vvoman overthrevv.
I thought vvhat vvas to follow, if your pow'rs
Had any homage in a Realm of ours.
But muſt the VVar between us never ceaſe?
Or ſhall vve make an everlaſting peace?
Your Darts in *Dido*'s liquid purple rain.
Let your *Æneas* feel but half the pain,
And you vvith me ſhall, in a Trojane Sire,
Divide the Empire of the ſons of *Tyre*.
Venus (vvho found the drift vvas thus to ſtrand
The Roman Empire on the *Lybian* Land)
Replies, vvhere peace is by the Queen of Gods
Thus offer'd: Madam, vvho can be at odds?
But vvhat you ask, and you may beſt improve,
Muſt be obtained by your povver vvith *Jove*.
Be that my Province, ſaith *Saturnia*,
And for the reſt obſerve the Scœne I lay.

To

To morrow ere the Sun have wip'd his face,
The Queen is for the Woods, and for the Chaſe,
Where ſhe *Æneas* means to entertain,
And I to thunder, and to charge their train
With ſuch a ſtorm, that each by flight ſhall ſave
Himſelf, ſhe and the Trojane in one Cave.
Be free with me, for if you like the plot,
Hymen and I'll be there, and tye the knot.
Venus with thanks her brow divinely dreſt,
But ſtifled ſecret laughter at the jeſt.

Now from her *Neptune* roſe the early morn
To rouze the Gallants with her ſilver horn;
The deep-mouth'd Kennel with the tender Noſe,
Invoke the Huntſman, and his ſteed incloſe.
Some with the Nets are laden, ſome with toyles,
Innumerable Javelins threaten ſpoyles.
The Tyrian Peerage to the Palace draws,
The foamy Courſer chews his Gold, and Paws,
While *Dido* mounts in Arms, atchieving deeds
Beyond her ſhining Bow, and ſheaf of Reeds.
Thus guides the Tyrian Lady her bright train.
The Prince as when *Apollo* comes again
Out of his Winter-Quarter to the Meads,
Among the breathing flow'rs his Trojans leads.
The Cliffs were thus aſcended, when the wilde
Inhabitants from native Rocks exil'd,
In duſty herds come headlong from the Crags,
And fill the Vale with Mountain-Goats and Stags:
Where, for th' incounter, or to try their ſpeed,
Aſcanius ſcouts upon his pamper'd ſteed;
But froward that the ſlugs can do no more,
Wiſhes a Lyon or a foamy Boar.

Mean while the deſtin'd ſtorm in thunder ſtoops
VVith boyſterous ſallies at the ſporting troops:
All in a fazled rout, her furious Shocks
They fly, purſu'd by torrents from the Rocks:
VVhile *Dido* and the Trojane Prince, to ſave
Themſelves, by Fate are led into one Cave.
Ah! heedleſs *Juno*, ſee; Ah! *Venus*, Ah!
The cruel boy's deſtroying Arrow ſtay;
The Air hath bluſhes on his conſcious cheek,
And from the Rocks wild Nymphs are heard to ſhreek.
This was the hour of death, nor could the name
Of *Hymen* ever ſtop the mouth of Fame.
Of Fame, a miſchief of the ſwifteſt wing,
VVhich moving lives, and ſtrengthens in her ſwing;
Little, at firſt, and low, ſhe fears to tread
The ground, when inſtantly her hidden head
Pierces the Clouds. Her, Mother earth (at war
VVith Heav'n) the Siſter of the Gyants bare:
A Monſter horrid with as many eyes,
And ears, and tongues, as ſhe vvith feathers flies,
In vvhich they lurk, they liſten, ſpy and ſing
At every ſtroak of her pernitious wing.
By darkeſt night ſhe looſeth not her way,
Nor ſtoops unto the lure of ſleep: by day
On Tow'rs ſhe pearches; Cities terrifies,
Nor is ſhe more the friend of Truth, then Lies.
Thoughout the *Lybian* Countries goes this gad,
And makes the King of *Moores Iarbas* mad,
VVho though of *Jove*, and *Garamantis* born,
Could get no more of *Dido*, than her ſcorn.
He to his ſire an hundred Altars built,
VVhich never-dying flame devoutly guilt,

VVhere

VVhere raging at the News, himſelf he throws,
Upbraiding Heav'n vvith undeſerved VVoes.
O *Jove* (he crys) to whom *Marocco* ſheds
Eternal VVine, and feaſts on painted beds;
Seeſt thou not this? or are we to rejoyce
That thunder's nothing but an empty noyſe?
The VVandreſs vve receiv'd the other day,
And ſuffer'd at an eaſie rate to lay
A ſmall foundation; ſhe to whom but now
VVe did afford a little ground to plow,
Slighting the tender of our Royal Love,
Hath ta'en a Beggar from her door! O *Jove!*
Is it the recompence vvhich they deſerve
VVho glut thy Altars, that themſelves muſt ſterve?
The Sire of Gods relents, vvith ſtricter rays
The *Carthaginian* amours ſurveys,
And well-inſtructed *Mercury*'s diſpatch,
Is forthwith poſitive to break the match.
His VVand he takes, his winged Spurs puts on,
And mounting *Zephyrus* in poſt is gone
For his firſt Stag unto the cloudy Down
Of Marble *Atlas* with the piny Crown.
Atlas, whoſe beard is ſnow, whoſe eyes are ſtreams,
VVhoſe Neck ſuſtains the Roof with ſtarry Beams.
Hence, for the ſecond Stage, himſelf he flings,
Like ſome King-Fiſher with inamel'd wings,
Plying his Oares along the ſhoaly ſtrand,
Until his feather'd Navigation land
Him on the VValls of *Carthage*; where he finds
The Caſtles in the Air *Æneas* minds,
The founder of an Empire on the heads
Of Kings to ſit, intent on building Sheds,

The Monarch by the World to be ador'd
With *Dido's* Jewels chaining up his Sword,
The Sacrifice design'd to mighty *Rome*,
Flaming in Tyrian Purple; unto whom
Heav'ns Oratour his Message thus explains:
To you the *Dardan* Prince, from him that raigns
In azure Tow'rs, and wheels the studded Sphere,
I come to ask, what is your business here.
Your fairest Mother, when she twice from *Greece*
Obtain'd your rescue, spake no word of this;
But of the pregnant *Italy*, whose womb
Unto reviving *Troy* should bear great *Rome*.
If you have lost these thoughts, all sense be gone
Of such a Glory, think upon your son,
On past, on future Fates, that make it known
The person you sustain, is not your own,
Nor in your pow'r to alienate; a board
With speed, for so you must if *Jove* be Lord.
This said, the cruel *Hermes* dis-appears,
And leaves *Æneas* bathing in his tears.
The Gods must be obey'd; this Piety
Resolves; but how with love it should agree,
His labours lose themselves to find a way,
Who knows not how to look, nor what to say.
His ablest friends in secret counsel meet,
Whose sage result commands the soaken Fleet
(Ere bald occasion turn) should be prepar'd
By motions neither to be seen nor heard,
Till Reason and Religion convince
The Queen, in soft approaches by the Prince.
This thus resolv'd; while love in bosoms reads,
Dido no new Intelligencer needs,

And Fame more welcome to *Iarba*'s Court
Then formerly, is full of the report.
The Queen, no longer able to controul
The cruel Orgy's of her restless soul,
Thus to the Trojane vents her grief: Could you
In secret feed a thought of such a hue,
Carthage and *Dido* in the dark to flie!
Have holy Vows, have sacred Knots no tie!
Perfidious man! nor might my certain death
Be softned with a word, a little breath,
Before we part? Behold the raging flood,
And hear the stormy vvinds. If *Troy* had stood,
It were no time to think upon retreat
For your own safety to a native seat.
Cruel; yet to a Land unknown, you would
Be gone, and through my sighs, and through my blood.
Whom do you flee, or what? a Tyrant, or
A guilty, an inhospitable shore?
By that right hand, these tears, this melting soul,
These seas of sorrow, and their bitter shoal;
By all that's sacred, sweet, or dear to me,
As any thing was ever so to thee,
Do not forsake me, do not stop thine ears
Unto thy plighted faith, nor to my pray'rs,
But shew compassion to my falling Throne;
For thee the jealous Kings that lye upon
My Frontiers, hate me, thou hast kindled fire
To warm my enemy in cruel *Tyre*;
For thee the malice of the world I bear,
While thou dost load me with a heavier care,
In whom I lose the blessing of a name
VVhich had been sacred to eternal fame.

The Trojane with his weighty passion strove,
Intent upon the minde of awful *Jove*,
And thus reply'd: Faireſt of women, beſt
Of Princes, what you urge is all confeſt;
Nor while theſe Limbs ſhall feed a living flame,
VVill it have ardour but in *Dido*'s name;
Yet let me ſay (who never thought to flye)
I am not under any ſacred tye.
Had Heav'n bequeath'd me to mine own diſpoſe,
I, in thoſe aſhes, ſhould have ſought repoſe,
VVhoſe fates entruſt me with their great reſource,
And bind for *Italy* my deſtin'd courſe.
Here *Jove* hath planted you; and through his doom
VVhat you to *Carthage* pay, I owe to *Rome*.
This by the Oracles of every Shrine,
The Apparitions of my divine
Progenitour, the int'reſt of my ſon,
And the great race, in him to be begun,
Is claim'd, nay, under penalty to fight
VVith Heav'n, exacted was this very night
By *Jove*'s expreſs, the Herald of the pole.
If there be tenderneſs in either ſoul,
Forbear to heighten our calamities,
The Gods muſt be obey'd. From you there is
No happineſs for me, that Heav'n can cheriſh:
I go unwillingly, or may I periſh.
The Queen, whoſe ſoul abhor'd the dire portent
Of ſuch expreſſions, views his whole extent
VVith eyes amazed at the cruel change,
And this returns unto a ſpeech ſo ſtrange:
Monſter of men, thee nor a Goddeſs, nor
A woman, but the ſtony Entrails bore

Of

Of horrid *Caucasus*, where nurst with blood,
The Dugs of spotted *Tygres* gave thee food.
For why should I dissemble? or what worse
Can follow? did he, conquer'd by the force
Of torrents, yeild a drop out of an eye?
Or hath the Rock once eccho'd to a sigh?
Ah *Jove*, Ah *Juno*, be it your decree
That faith is but a prey, or pity me.
Naked, forsaken, persecuted, lost,
His men, his shipping wrackt upon my coast;
I took him up, and gave him half my Throne,
Now Oracles, now all the Gods as one
Have voted his departure: if this may be,
Is Heav'n the Author of humanity!
Men are inspir'd when they have nought to say,
When they would have what reason cannot pay,
The Gods will have it. There's Religion!
What's wickeder than Man, the Gods must own!
Go then, go plead for Empire, which from me
Thou dost disdain, with Winds and Seas, to thee
May the remorseless Element abound
With such compassion, as I have found,
Whose Ghost shall follow, that which thou hast made
To loath the light, descending to the shade.
At which she hasted out, and soon was led
Too heavy for her self, unto her bed.

The Prince (whose wounds persists to make it seen
He values Heav'n alone above the Queen)
Slacks neither hands, he thaws the marble Court,
And speeds his busie Trojanes to the port.
The Saylour reeks, one pulls, another heaves:
Oares, yet unfitted, sweep the Sea with leaves.

Unlopped Oaks are ſtowed in for haſte,
The tall Ship launches with a growing Maſt.
As Ants, when vvinter-wiſe, they make their ſallies
In ſable troops, through beaten paths and allies;
Some help the weak, and ſome the forrage bear,
Some lead the Van, and ſome bring up the Reare:
So march the Trojans to the Fleet, and ſo
The Hills and Dales are peſter'd where they go.
What ſenſe had *Dido* at this ſight, which ſhe
Upon a Turret ſet her ſelf to ſee!
O Love, there's nothing in the World ſo mean
Thou't ſtick to do! to pray'rs and tears agen
She can deſcend, who by her ſiſter ſues.
Anna (ſaies ſhe) thou know'ſt the Avenues,
The tender places of this Marble heart;
See how the vvinds conſpiring as they part
Call on their ſailes, and with their ſtreamers ſport;
This, had I arm'd my ſelf, I might ſupport,
VVho ſo ſurpriz'd could never dream to be.
Tell him, it is too much; I am not ſhe
That ever banded with the Greeks; that ſent
A Ship unto their Fleet, nor have I rent
The reliques of his honour'd Sire; Ah! whither
Can he eſcape the fury of ſuch weather?
Perſwade him to expect the milder ſeaſon,
And yeild me time to recollect my reaſon.
Give me but this, I give him all the reſt:
My deareſt Siſter, 'tis my laſt requeſt.
This *Anna* ſo improv'd with ſighs and tears,
That *Jove*, or nothing could have ſtopt his ears.
As when the winds, with all their forces met,
Upon ſome mighty Oak together ſet,

The body, that vvas never us'd to bow,
VVith furious charges bearing to and fro,
The murmur of his arms is loud, the rout
Of his green spoiles is scatter'd all about;
Yet vvith his head exalted vvill he dwell
As near to Heav'n, as go his roots to hell.
So charge the Ladies vvith their pow'rful bands,
And so the stable *Hero* yeilds and stands.
The Queen, vvith eyes that cannot brook the light,
Grows dim and drowzy to eternal night:
Nor vvill her Sacrifices do her good:
The vvater's black, the vvine a cake of blood:
Hoarse propheſies begin to get on vving,
The birds of night upon the Turrets ſing;
VVaking, ſhe harbours no Companion,
But horrour to be ever left alone,
Loſt in her ſleep, ſhe ſeems to rome about
Vaſt ſolitudes, and ſeek her Tyrians out,
Or bleeds afreſh, vvhile to theſe ſad extreams,
She finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.
Out of a Chappel, vvhich vvith Verdant Boughs,
VVith ſnowy Fleeces, and vvith ſacred Vows,
Unto her former Lord vvas hallowed,
His voyce is heard to call her to his bed,
VVhich ſhe obeying, to attain her ſcope
Adorns deſpair vvith all the chear of hope,
And glads her Siſter vvhile ſhe thus imparts
The feigned brovv of her deceirful arts.
Anna, ſays ſhe, from the remoteſt ſhores
Where th' Ocean's bounded by the VVeſtern Moores,
And *Atlas* lays his ſhoulder to the Sphere,
There is a Prieſteſs come, vvhoſe skill is rare.

She was the Chymist of that Opium
Which bound the Dragon from the golden Plum.
She hath been known to stop the flaming courses
Of Stars, to frighten streames into their sources,
To raise up Ghosts, to make a Wood come down
From quaking Mountains, while the Vallies groan;
Out of a tender heart she takes a thorn,
And can convey it into one of horn.
The Gods above, and thou, my Dear, canst tell
How much against my will I use a Spell;
But let us have a pile, and on the head
I prethee make 'em set my loathed bed,
With all the reliques of his memory,
That for the fire are fitter then for me.
Such aids the Nun requires unto her Charm.
Anna presumes that this can do no harm,
And speeds the work: within a secret place
Of cloven Oak and oyly Pine, they raise
A stately Pile with Boughs and Garlands crown'd;
The bed is plac'd upon the top, and bound
With guilty Trophies of the faithless Lord,
His crimson Scarf, his Picture and his Sword.
Altars, about the Pile, begin to smoke:
The thundering Magician to invoke
With flying hair, innumerable powrs,
The deep Inhabitants of *Stygian* bowrs;
Chaos and *Erebus*, and all that owe
Homage to triple *Hecate* below.
The floor is water'd with *Lethean* Floods,
The Vintage of the Moon, in speckled buds
Is prest, and gives it poyson'd milk; wherein
A Colt contributes his abortive brain.

The Queen, her Robe ungirt and flowing, ſtands
With one foot bare, and leven in her hands,
Appealing to the conſcious Stars above,
And to the Pow'rs that judge of injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, nor ſtirr'd at land an hair,
A ſin at ſea, a feather in the air:
Dido alone by ſleep cannot be bound;
The Stars had wander'd half their azure round,
When thus ſhe argued with untamed thought:
And muſt my former Suitors then be ſought,
The wild *Numidians*? or ſhall I go
After the Trojans that hath us'd me ſo?
Heav'ns! were I near his parting Navy ſeen,
Would the diſdainful Tyrant take me in?
Ah! never truſt the true Poſterity
Of falſe *Laomedon*, firſt let me dye.
Siſter, by thee, though innocent, I am
The guilty Trophy of this conqu'ring flame;
But ponder in the Tragedy, which thou
Shalt ſee, if ſleepy Ghoſts regard a Vow.
Ah! this of all my pangs, afflicteth me,
Sichæus, I have not been true to thee.
Æneas, all the night his guilded hatch
Had waſh'd with tears, and kept as dire a watch.
Which *Jove* obſerving with a brow ſevere,
Diſpatch'd a ſecond time his Meſſenger:
The Fleet, affrighted at the prodigie,
Their Cables cut, make all their ſail and flie.
Mean while, the morning ſhew'd her ſelf in red
So deep, as if ſhe had not bluſh'd but bled;
By ſuch a light, did *Dido* from her Tow'r,
Behold the Deſolation of the ſhore;

At which she smote her breſt, and rent her hairs:
O, *Jove*, (she cry'd) so it with kindneſs fares!
'Tis as a friend, he is too hard for me,
Who could have match'd him as an enemy.
Why boyl'd I not *Aſcanius* for a Gueſt,
That makes himſelf as impious a Feaſt?
I could have cut him off unto a man,
Have ſpoyl'd his glorious enterprize; and can.
To Sea, my Tyrians, aboard, aboard,
Purſue, (I never more will call him Lord)
Purſue the Traytor with your Oars and Brands.
Ah me! this ſhould have been when we gave hands.
Thou Lamp of Heav'n, that bringeſt all to light,
Juno that know'ſt my ſorrow, Queen of night;
The Deities above, and all beneath
That ſtand Spectators now at *Dido*'s Death,
Receive this pray'r: If you in ſafety lead
To any ſhore this execrable head,
(Which would to *Jove* might never farther go)
May he want friends, and ever have a foe;
Be harras'd with perpetual Alarms,
Or have *Aſcanius* torn out of his arms.
May he be worſted ſtill, want aid, and crave
In vain, and let the Vulture be his grave.
May *Carthage*, and her lateſt Nephews be
Sworn enemies to hated *Italy*,
Arms unto arms be oppoſite with theſe
Shores unto ſhores, and raging Seas to Seas.
Out of my aſhes ſnatch a living Brand,
And bear it flaming through that waſted Land,
Until it do return unto my Tomb
With Trophies raviſh'd from his vaunted *Rome*:

This

This pray'r I utter with my lateſt breath.
At which compoſing now her ſelf for death,
Barce (ſays ſhe unto her Nurſe) go call
My Siſter in, and let her know that all
Is ready for th' intended Sacrifice,
If firſt ſhe waſh her at the fountain thrice;
And you mean while, go put your Fillet on.
The feeble Nurſe with tardy ſteps is gone.
The Queen to her own ruthleſs hand (bereft
Of Mercy to her tender breaſt) thus left,
Aſcends the pile, and draws the Dardan Sword,
The picture views, the bed to be abhor'd;
At which ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe ſhook, and ſaid,
Ah, deareſt treaſure once, and now diſplay'd
To deck my herſe; I liv'd, true to the truſt
Of Fortune while ſhe ſmil'd, nor ſhall the duſt
To which ſhe frowns me, own a common ſhade,
While Vows in *Carthage* are to *Dido* paid:
A City which I built, I flouriſh ſaw,
And Princes wounded both with love and awe.
Happy, thrice happy, had I never ſeen
The falſe, the dire *Æneas*, dire and keen
As this —— or this —— thus thus to ſleep, to greet
Silent *Elyzium*, and the Ghoſts, is ſweet.
The guilty couch with flowing Purple reek'd:
Anna returning from the fountain, ſhreek'd:
The Court re-ecchoed, and the heavy moan
Went through, as if ſome foe had ſtorm'd the town;
Or *Carthage* had been ſeiz'd by ſuddain fires,
That planted enſignes on her ſtooping ſpires.

VIR-

VIRGIL's Æneis.

The Fifth BOOK.

ÆNeas held his steady course, and forth
At Sea, broke up the black field with the (North,
When far away the pile began to shine;
The cause he doth not know, but may divine
While all in anguish hence compute the wrath
Of wounded Love, and violated Faith.
The Sea and Heav'n this Object had remov'd,
When Night and Winter in a cloudy hov'd
Approach, began to beat the darken'd Sky,
And stun the deep with their blew Cavalry.
O Heav'ns! (cries *Palinure*) what brews the air!
Or Father *Neptune*, what dost thou prepare!
East and by North, what ever be the shores,
Stand to your tackling, Mates, and ply your Oars;
For though high *Jove* (*Æneas*) pass his word
For *Italy*, yet with this Wind (Liege Lord)
I shall not undertake to land you there.
The Vapours steaming from the Western, veer
The rack about, into the vvelkin crowd,
And crush the liquid air into one Cloud.
In vain our Chiorme against the weather strives,
Nor make vve vvay: aloof as fortune drives,
If I aright the starry Beadrole con,
The Coast of *Sicily* we are upon.
And can there, says the pious Lord, (since plain
It is, we strive against the stream in vain)

A Coast more welcome be; then that which keeps
Aceſtes ſafe, and where *Anchiſes* ſleeps?
Born by the ſuddain Gulph, they come in ken
Of *Sicily*, and of *Aceſtes*, then
On hunting with his bow, and barded Speare,
And hideous in the pillage of a Bear.
Aceſtes, ſprung out of the Dardane blood,
And *Sicily*'s ſole Monarch, pauſing ſtood
Upon a Rock, whence he, his friends again
Beheld, and haſted them to entertain.
His VVoodation ſtraight are Cooks, their quarry ſhare,
And treat the Dardan Gueſt with hunting fare;
Whoſe weary Trojans, loaden with the feaſt,
Commend their ſtiffned Limbs to ſupple reſt.
The morning grey, no ſooner put to flight
In azure fields the ſpangled Hoaſt of night,
Then to his Camp, convén'd by ſounding braſs,
Thus ſpake *Æneas* from a Throne of Graſs:
Race of the Gods, now in the wheeling year
Each moneth hath had his vari'd ſpoke ſince where
Thoſe guards of flames from mourning Altars riſe,
Divine *Anchiſes* in his aſhes lies;
And now the day, (which Heav'n will have with me,
For ever honour'd and bewail'd to be,)
Is near at hand. This to *Gaetulian* Quicks,
Were I exil'd, or more devouring Greeks,
In durance, or in bonds, obſerve would I
VVith annual Rites, and due ſolemnity.
The Gods have ſeem'd to order our return,
VVho come at ſuch a ſeaſon to the Urn:
Proceed we then to gratifie the wind,
And here begin ſuch honours as ſhall find

Their

Their Temples, when we build; *Aceſtes* gives
To every ſhip, a Yoak of fatted Beeves,
Invite his Gods unto the Feaſt with ours:
If the ninth Morn look blithly from her tow'rs,
I ſhall propoſe you prizes to enflame
The cooleſt blood unto the ardent game.
Then let the Oare, the foot endu'd with ſpeed,
The marksman learned at the feather'd reed,
And him who at the cruder club dare play,
Expect his due, be frequent, and to day
Favour your temples, your brows with frondage crown.
At which with Myrtle he inveſts his own:
So warm *Aſcanius*, ſo *Aceſtes* cold,
And after them the reſt both young and old.
Thus from the Counſel to *Anchiſes* comb,
With conſecrated *Chalices* they come;
The wine, the blood, the milk had mixt each ſource,
And purple flowers beſtrew'd the ſleepy corſe.
When from the bed of turf a ſerpent drew
The ſeavenfold Circle of his azure ſcrew,
Whoſe golden Scales as many Colours ſhow
The Sun, as ever the Coeleſtial Bow.
The pale Spectator flees, or ſtands at gaze,
The graves inviron'd by a living maze.
At length the mighty Glow-worm lifts his head,
Licks up the Offring, and returns to bed.
This, whether Genius of the place, or ſome
Officious Ghoſt attending on the tomb,
Confirms the honour of the Games decreed,
For which renewed Sacrifices bleed;
The Spit, the Kettle ſmoak the ſhady lawnes
With brendled Balls, with collyd Rams and Brawn.

Now

Now the expected Morn ascended Heaven,
As *Phaeton* her eager steeds had driven;
Fame of *Æneas*, and the known report
Of great *Acestes* cause a vast resort:
Sicilians the shores and Mountains fill,
Some to behold, and some to shew their skill:
The prizes first are on the green display'd,
Tripods, and Laurels, Palmes, and arms in-laid,
Purple and Scarlet, Gold and Silver bowles,
Trumpets proclaim the lists from rising Knowles.
Four Gallies for the first Encounter meet
With bowing strokes, the glory of the Fleet.
Mnestheus (whose stock the *Memmiises* bore)
Commands the *Crampus* with the potent Oar:
Gyas, a City in the vast *Chimere*,
That cards the billow with a triple teere.
Sergestus (Father of the *Sergian* name)
The great *Centaure*; *Cloanthus* (whence you came
Cluentii) the Sky-blew *Scylla* sways.
On Rocks (which with the falling billows raise,
Some distance from the shore, a Scœne, where Masque
The Winter Stars, or Fowls in Summer basque)
With Oaken Boughs the Prince erects a Goal,
There to be rounded by the pine-fin'd Shoale.
Each Captain plac'd by lot, you might discern
Shining in Gold and Purple on his Stern;
The Chiorme in oyly Skins and poplar Shade,
On even banks unto their Oars are laid.
Their Oars by beating pulses made to live,
And listen to the signe, which trumpets give;
When from the port they shoot themselves, and flie
Through the blew Waves, as Arrows through the Sky.

Not

Not so in races fifty Horses part
And take the Chariot with them from the start;
Not so the foamy rain, or courser flows,
Nor deals the Charioteer such sounding blows,
While study of the parties vents, and draws
The factious Hills and Vallies to applause.
Through some through clamor hews the vast *Chimera*
Into the glibber plain, and hits it clean:
The *Scylla* follows with a better rank
Of Oars, but sluggish with her soaken plank.
The *Crampus* and the *Centaur* come together,
Or this is first, then that, now chuse you whether:
Still the *Chimera* held her own, and ply'd
Now hard upon the Goal, when *Gyas* cry'd
Unto his Pilot, Whither do you squint
Menetis? bear her close, and brush the flint.
Menetis dreads the Rock, and sea-ward steers,
At which the *Scylla* thrusts between, and clears
The shallows, gaines the further Sea, before
The cast *Chimera*, and stands in for the shore.
Gyas, the Pilot deaf unto his Lord,
With grief and fury caught, throws over-board;
Then standing to the Helm himself, his men
Inflames to fetch the *Scylla* up agen.
But poor *Menetis* duck'd, and took a draught:
To see him sink and swim, the Trojans laught,
But more when he had scrambled up the shelf,
And leaky there stood pumping of himself.
With this the *Crampus* and the *Centaur* hope
(Could either for the other have her scope)
To yoak the *Chimera* fallen from her speed,
And near the Goal the *Centaur* almost freed

Her-

Herſelf, the *Crampus* with an emulous beake,
Reaching no farther then to gore her deck.
At this, My Mates, crys *Meſtheus*, where, O where
Are thoſe ſame arms from Malean ſhelves could tear,
Wrench from *Getulia*'s ſandy jaws her prey?
I ask not now the honour of the day;
But to be laſt, O infamy! their pores
Are rain, their lungs are tempeſt, and their Oars
Are thunder, while the gally makes her loſe,
And yet the greater thank to fortune owes.
For while the eager *Crampus* ſtrives to bear
The other out, ſhe comes her ſelf too near,
And run aground, like ſome fell Fiſh at land,
With fazled fins lies burling beach or ſand.
Meſtheus not like a Dove, that baiting ſings
Unto the hollow Rock with ſounding wings,
Then ſtills 'em balanc'd on the freer air,
But cuts the liquid road beyond compare.
Now have at *Gyas* and the great *Chimere*;
She's reacht, ſhe's caſt, while *Gyas* cannot ſteer.
Alone the *Scylla* next the port remain'd,
At which with all her might the *Crampus* ſtrain'd.
This game the Clamor of the ſhore revy'd,
Thoſe for their honour with their lives provide,
What theſe have done, perſwades what they may do,
And board by board they had been ſure to go,
But that *Cloanthus* vow'd unto the deep
The ſeaſon'd Entrailes of a flock of ſheep:
Him *Phorcus*, ſmooth fac'd *Panopea* heard,
Him Father *Neptune* with the ſhaggy beard,
When grey *Portunus* from the Chriſtal Court
Took poſt, and ſhov'd his keel into the port.

Æneas streight (according to the Laws)
The field into a solemn counsel dravvs,
And by the thundring voyce of Heralds there,
Cloanthus is proclaimed Conquerer.
The Prince vvith Laurel crovvns him, and assignes
An Ox, a Talent, and a Tun of VVines
To every Ship, then for his prize bestows
A Robe, in which with Gold *Meander* flows
In Purple Chanels: studded Arms embrace
His Vertue, who attain'd the second place.
The third had Plate, *each to the life with story*
So wrought, as leave we to the Authours glory;
For Life unto a Picture to derive
Is hard, but harder from a Picture Life.

Now bruis'd *Sergestus*, creeping from the Crags
Upon his Stumps, bestir'd him with his Snags,
And in a monstrous fume, and woful din,
VVhile all with laughter rung, came sneaking in.
Saw you an Adder in his shining Steel
Crossing some Road, and crossed by some VVheel,
Then tangled in himself, a rugged track
Through moving Dust plow with his broken back,
Yet threatning come, while he can hardly role,
VVith sparkling eyes, and hisses to his hole?
Such luck *Sergestes* had, such was the sport
He made, and so he slunk into the Port;
But sav'd his men and Vessel by the shift,
For which, *Æneas* gave him for his gift
A Slave (who at her Needle vvas the best
That ever vvrought) vvith Twins upon her Brest.

This part perform'd, *Æneas* leads the Field
Unto a Stage vvhich Nature pleas'd to build,

A grassie plain impal'd by woody hills,
The mighty *Circus* in the Valley fills,
Where on a brow the *Hero* takes his place;
And there proposes prizes to the race.
Nisus the friend, *Euryalus* the fair,
A fam'd, an holy, and a constant pair;
Diore descended of a Royal Sire,
Arcadian Patron, *Salius* of *Epire*;
Sicilian Helymus, and *Panopes*
Acestes fellow *Woodmen*, and with these
Others that suffer by obscurer fame,
Approaching, were engaged at this game,
Whence unrewarded none was to depart,
But each to have his barded Ax and Dart.
An Horse in rich caparison attends
The Victor, to the next herself commends
An Amazonian Quiver, hanging on
A Belt that buttons with a precious stone.
A Grecian Helme is to the third assign'd;
These in their Olive-Wreaths were to be twin'd.
They meet, and starting at the signal given,
O'ercast the Field, as suddain storms do Heaven;
Like Lightning from the Cloud, is *Nisus* seen,
Salius is next, but next a Field between;
Euryalus comes third, then cheek by jole
Diore and *Helymus*, but near the Goal
In slipp'ry Ground, where bled the Sacrifice;
Nisuses heels came up, who in his rise
Disorder'd *Salius* passing by, and threw
His heedless Rival in the Purple Dew.
By this *Euryalus* is Conqueror,
The next is *Helymus*, the third *Diore*.

At this the Field is loud with high applauſe:
But when the Judges come unto the Laws,
And *Salius*, with open mouth, demands
The prize withheld by fraud; perplext it ſtands.
Vertue in Beauty has the ſtronger charms,
To which *Euryalus* has other arms,
The Faction of *Diore*, who muſt recede
If *Salius* obtain what he would plead.
It was a chance, the Prince to make an end
And ſhew reſpect to his unhappy Friend,
On *Salius* beſtows a Lyons skin
With golden Claws. But where had *Salius* bin
(Says *Niſus* ſmiling in a piteous caſe)
Had ſuch another chance not ſpoil'd my face?
At which the hills and plains in laughter roſe,
And *Niſus* had a gift that wip'd his Noſe.
A Bull with golden Wreaths into the Field
Is led, and follow'd by a Sword and Sheild,
The prizes of the Champions, if any
Dare venter at the club among ſo many.
Forthwith comes *Dares* with his bone and brawn,
Already dreadful to the murmuring lawn.
Dares at *Hectors* Tomb who by main ſtrength
The Gyant *Butes* laid at his full length.
His brow he bends, he ſtrips his ſhoulders ſquare,
And with his brandiſht arms affrights the air.
The man is ſought, but is throughout the ground
That dares approach the club not to be found:
At which he takes the Bull by th' horn, and cries,
Son of the Goddeſs, I demand my prize.
And much good do him, for the hurt that's meant,
While all in ſilence give their full conſent.

At this, *Aceſtes*, being ſomewhat blank,
Eſpy'd *Entellus* lolling on a bank,
And thus reproach'd him: Where is now the fame
Of *Eryx*, and of the *Sicilian* Name?
Or why are Trophies on thy pillars found,
Entellus heretofore in vain renown'd?
Leige Lord, ſays he, in age is Ice that thaws
Not with the heat of glory or applauſe,
Had I the warmth that cockers up this boy,
To ſuch a prize, the Bull were but a toy.
VVhich ſaid, into the Liſts the *Hero* drew,
And there the clubs of mighty *Eryx* threw.
All are amazed at the bulk, the ſtains,
The ſtories on them limb'd with blood and brains;
But *Dares* moſt, who theſe denies to touch,
And his *Entellus* vilifies as much.
At which the Princes, laying both aſide,
Each Champion with equal Arms provide.
Entellus then diſ-robing, ſuch a bone
And nerve diſcover'd, though the fleſh were gone;
As ſhips, when furled ſayls neglected lye,
In Maſts and Shrowds expoſe unto the eye.
Now with erected arms, advanced feet,
They lay themſelves upon their guard, and meet.
Dares on his Agility rely'd,
Entellus on his ſtrength ſo often try'd;
Yet thick he breaths, and trembles, void of fear.
Many a blow is loſt in empty air,
And home they carry many ſounding ſtrokes
That batter wooden Tow'rs, or hollow Oaks.
One plants himſelf, the other wheeling views
Now here, now there, in vain his avenues.

At length *Entellus* deals, with all his might,
A blow which *Dares* having ſcap'd by ſlight,
Not able to recover, down he falls
Like ſome vaſt Pine, or like ſome City-walls.
The Trojan Youth with the *Sicilian* vie
The game, in ſhouts that reach unto the Skie;
Æneas mov'd at the diſaſter age
Had introduced on the youthful Stage,
Hyes to aſſiſt the *Hero*, but the pains
Are needleſs, borrowed heat hath thaw'd his veins,
Fury and Scorn recrute him, in whoſe might
His Forces rally and renew the fight.
Dares begins to ſhrink, to yeild, to fail
At blows *Entellus* deals as thick as hail,
When through the fury of the ſtony ſhowr
Some batter'd roof is born unto the floor:
Yet vainly ſtriving, by his fellows caught,
VVith trayling wings is to the Navy brought.
Undoubted Maſter of the field was now
Entellus, who to Heav'n exalts a blow
Aym'd at his brindled prize, and beats the Scull
Into the brains, down falls the mighty Bull.
Eryx, ſays he, my arms and art for ever
To thee, I, with this Sacrifice, deliver.
Forthwith the Prince's ſtores, for ſuch as are
Experienc'd at the Grey-gooſe wing, prepare.
Sergeſtus is reviv'd, whoſe ſlug, though caſt,
To bear a living flag affords a Maſt;
His Saylours tye a Pigeon to the top,
At Land, again the wandring tree comes up;
VVhile to determine on their turns by lot,
The Ryvals gather to the brazen pot.

Hy-

Hypocoon was first to try his aym,
And then *Eurytion*, *Sergestus* came
The third in Office; and the last in place
VVas grave *Acestes* pleas'd this game to grace.
The bow is bent upon her wished draught,
The Quiver recommends her chosen shaft;
First from the sounding nerve in air is gone
The vanisht Arrow of *Hypocoon*,
By any sight not to be overtaken
Till with the feather'd gust the Mast was shaken,
At which the baying fowl in fetters hung;
The Hills and Vallies with applauses rung.
Then came *Eurytion* with a fixed eye
To wing his Reed, and teach her how to flye;
But hapless youth, his Dart refus'd to seize
The bird, and rather chose to break her lease
And give her life, which in implored skyes
The Caitiff hasts to hide from mortal eyes.
Sergestus raging with the scorn that he
Upon the foyl of Fortune still should be,
To 'venge upon his sturdy Bow the grief,
Gave her a twang that reach'd the Fugitive;
She to the Stars bequeaths her ayr, and brings
Her earth from the applause of her high wings.
With this, *Acestes*, yet in more despair,
Bestows his slighted Quiver on the air.
When lo! his Arrows in the Sky are seen
Like hairy Comets golden thred to spin.
All are amaz'd, or to Devotions fly
For the portent discover'd by and by.
Mean while *Eptydes* the Querry, lays
About him in the field, and making place,

The Trojane youth in ſhining arms ſucceed
Each awful tamer of an ardent ſteed.
All *Sicily* admires the lovely ſight
Which to glad Parents doubles the delight.
Three were the troops, the firſt commanded by
Polites, one of *Priams* progeny,
The princely youth ſecurely ſeated was
Upon a Scubal rough as native *Thrace*.
The next leads *Atys*, on his Arab Fleet,
Atys, *Aſcaniuſes* Favorite;
Whoſe Lord before them all in meen and garb
Brings up the Rereward on his ſnowy barb,
The gift of *Dido*. Thus they part and meet
In Marches mingled like the Maze of *Crete*:
Or like the *Delphins* which between the Goals
Of *Greece* and *Ægypt* rank their ſporting ſhoales.
This game, derived from the Royal Boy,
Is that we uſe in *Rome*, and call the *Troy*.
But faithleſs Fortune minded other ſport;
The Trojane Dames ſat weeping at the Port,
Not able in a tranſitory ſhore
To take delight, while Seas for evermore
To be revolv'd, their loathed proſpect boaſt;
A dwelling place they beg of any coaſt.
Juno to this no ſooner had an eye,
Then *Iris* is diſpatcht immediately.
The Virgin ſtreight her hollow bow diſtends,
And through her painted Gallery deſcends,
Where laying off her Silks and Sattins, ſhe
Aſſumes the ſhape of aged *Beroë*
A Dame that with the Matrons bore the ſway,
And happen'd now to be out of the way.

The Goddeſs, in this habit by the Dames
Already us'd familiarly, exclaims:
Ah wretches! that at home we did not die
Releaſed by the Grecian crueltie
From Fortune, which in forreign Lands, but more
Inrag'd, conceals what ſhe reſerves us for.
Seaven Summers, ſince there was a *Troy*, are run
VVhile we the coaſts of *Italy*, that ſhun
Us, follow over rocks and ſands, through VVaves
That dayly threaten, yet refuſe us graves.
And has not good *Aceſtes* ſprung from *Troy*,
VVaſts he would gladly ſee his blood enjoy?
Fire we theſe wicked ſhips: into my hand
This night *Caſſandra* ſeem'd to put a brand,
And here on *Neptunes* Altars lye enow.
VVhich ſaid, the Goddeſs ſteals into her bow,
But leaves the fury which the Dames invades,
VVhile they, receiving from the Altars ayds,
The Decks, the Canvas, and the finny poles
Aſſault with firy brands, and burning coals
Till *Vulcan* reign, and at the top unfold
The rapid ſtreamer of his liquid gold.
VVhile yet the youth were vying for the prize,
The ſtartled field beheld the ſparks in skyes.
Aſcanius ſmote his winged ſteed, and flew
Unto the port, among the Matrons threw
His Helmet off, and cry'd, VVhat have you done!
In flight they all immediately are gone,
And at this ſight recover'd, fill the creeks
And VVoods with ſhame, with penitence and ſhreeks.
Yet is the fire, as if this had not been;
Æneas and the Trojanes now come in;

The ſtrength of *Hero's*, nor the VVaves of Seas
They manage can, the raging flames appeaſe.
The Dardan rents his Robe, and hath recourſe
To Heav'n for aid beyond all humane force:
At vvhich the Sire of Gods exhauſts the Poles
Of gather'd clouds, and vving'd vvith thunder roles
The Treaſures of the South in hail and ſleet,
Torrents of high *Olympus* on the Fleet.
The thirſty keels celeſtial rivers drink,
The charked Oak is ſoaken till it ſink,
And with the loſs of four the Navy ſave,
But freſh vvounds this unto *Æneas* gave.
His people languiſh, and the future Seas
Abhor, intent upon their preſent eaſe.
By Friends and Prophets he is counſelled,
And thus confirmed by his ſager bed:
The old, the faint, the feeble, and the ſex
That by their multitude do but perplex,
Are they in whom deſignes from greatneſs fall,
To vvhich the choſen few are more then all.
Theſe ſtand together, thoſe are eas'ly routed,
But Fortune, if her charge be ſtood, is outed.
The intereſt of *Sicily*, but ſcant
In people, and affoarding waſts to plant,
VVith good *Aceſtes* very much endears
This Counſel, vvhen it comes unto his ears.
VVho gives his Empire, vvaking now from ſloth,
In Citizens of his Extraction growth,
And having vvith a Plough deſign'd a round,
There calls up *Troy* unto *Sicilian* ground,
Ordains the Senate, to the Fathers yeilds
Their rights, their priviledge, a Temple builds

To

To *Venus* on the brow of *Erycine*,
And adds a grove unto *Anchiſes* ſhrine.
The Fleet thus prun'd, *Æneas* cables, oares
And ſolid planks for eaten ones reſtores:
Now was his waſtage fitted by her freight,
In number lightned, and inhaunc'd in weight,
Nine days vvere ſpent in Feaſts and Sacrifice,
VVhen fawning Gales vvith breathing *Auſter* riſe,
And minde the company their leaves to take;
The crooked ſhores in doleful ſtrains awake,
They that but now no farther for the world
VVould go, are vvith their arms together curl'd
And vvoven; with the Matrons to renew
The Sea is ſmoother then to ſay, Adieu.
They never will repine; ah! never more
Lead 'em unto the moſt extended ſhore.
Æneas ſtrives in vain their tears to ſtaunch,
Comménds 'em to *Aceſt*, and ſo to launch
He gives the word from off his foreſhip tall,
VVhence flowing Cups, and ſeaſon'd Entrails fall
Into the purpled VVaves, as teeming rills
Into the freakon'd Vallies from the hills:
The vvanton vvinds his flaxen treſſes ſweep
Away, and vvith his Oars he curles the deep.
Venus mean vvhile her care-intangled breſt,
Thus to the Sov'raign of the Seas addreſt:
Neptune a boon, this ſuit extorted hath
Saturnia's inexorable vvrath,
VVhich Piety, nor Fate, vvhich not an age,
Nor the commands of *Jove*, can once aſſwage.
'Tis not enough that *Troy* vvas eaten raw
In bloody diſcord, ſhe her bones muſt gnaw,

Purſue the aſhes of the fire ſhe made;
But for a reaſon we muſt ask her aid.
What work ſhe found me but a while ago
Upon the *Lybian* Sea, too well you know,
VVhat tumults *Æolus* with empty wind
Durſt raiſe, and in your Realm to pleaſe her mind.
And Sea and Land to her are much at one,
Saw you the fire by painted *Iris* blown
Till ſhe to bed had brought the Trojane Dames,
Of treacherous brands, and *Troys* revived Flames!
Thou ſheild the Dardane, upon *Tybers* ſtrand
With calm Embraces ſet him ſafe at Land.
To her the Tamer of the Mayn replies:
My faireſt *Cytherea*, wipe thine eyes,
'Tis meet by thee the Sea beyond the earth
Be truſted, ſince from hence thou hadſt thy birth;
Nor did I leſs deſerve by deeds perform'd,
VVhen *Æolus* combin'd with *Juno* ſtorm'd.
You *Simois* when choakt, and *Xanthus* croſt
VVith carkaſes, I thought you had been loſt,
And never more to Sea ſhould find your way,
Have ſeen me in an hollow cloud convey
Æneas off, while thouſands in the rout
Before *Achilles*, had their braines daſht out
Againſt *Troys* walls, and while that perjur'd town
Built by my hands, I could have ſpurned down.
I am the ſame, the wiſhed port he ſhall
Attain, but with the loſs of one for all.
Thus having eas'd the Goddeſs of her cares,
Neptune his horſes yoaks by foamy pairs,
And, giving to his eager team the rein,
With nimble wheels skirs through the azure plain.

Unto

Unto his thundring axle-tree submit
The billows prostrate at his awful feet,
The Heav'ns with all their curtains open drawn,
Behold the triumph of the sea-green lawn.
Next to his own, comes up the Chrystal Car
Of *Thetis*, then of *Panopea* fair,
Whom *Doris* in her coral bowres succeeds,
Nisæa with the Canopy of reeds,
Cymodoce upon her sedgy deck,
Spio and *Melite* on floats of wreck;
The Van of *Delphins* with their silver shields
Commanded by *Palæmon*, beats the fields,
Phorcus with all his troops, and *Glaucus* bring
Sea-cavalry, that march in either wing,
VVhere *Tritons* blazon with imprison'd Gales
On writhen shells; an hundred thousand VVhales
Under their Soveraign immediately
Brandish their spouts unto the threatned Sky.
Thoughtful *Æneas*, smooth'd again with hope,
Braces the sail, and gives his Canvas scope;
Upon the nimble tack his Sea-men lye,
And catch the Gale vvhich way soere she flye.
Thus after *Palinure* their Admiral
Till noon of night they rode, vvhen slackned all
Both sails and limbs, their intermitted ranks
Lay snoring underneath their sweaty banks.
Here *Somnus* stooping from the starry Sky
To vindicate his injur'd Deity
On *Palinure*, whose eyes alone refuse
To trust the calmy Seas, or drink his dews,
But fixt upon the Planets hold them so
As if they never more would let them go,

VVith

VVith branches dipt in the Lethean brook,
The Pilot on his bowing Temples ſtrook;
VVhoſe eyes forſake the Stars, while at the gaſp
His hands the ſteerage but the harder claſp.
At this the God in fury takes him up
And throws him Stern and Steerſman from the Poup.
The Fleet perceiving nothing for a while,
Firſt found her loſs upon the ſounding Iſle
VVhere *Syrens* with their charming ayres invite
To Rocks which with the bones of men are white:
The danger of the Fleet diſcovering here
How it betide, *Æneas* took the ſtere,
And ſaid, To ſhores unknown, ah! too ſecure
Of calmy Seas, goes naked *Palinure*.

VIRGIL's Æneis.

The Sixth BOOK.

THe Dardan gives his sayl-wing'd team the reins,
Which Land at length in *Italy* attains;
Euboick Cume is besieg'd with tow'rs;
The Anchor founds a City on her shores,
VVhence ardent youth their wished sallies make:
Some range the woods, and foodful quarry take,
Or finde the treasure of a spring at need,
Some open veins of Flint, and make them bleed.
But to the temple of *Apollo* hies
Devout *Æneas*, and the mysteries
Of venerable *Sybil* in vast creeks
Impregnated with *Delian* fury seeks.
In guilded groves devoted to *Diane*
Unto her brother *Phœbus* stood this fane,
Full of the story of *Androgeo*,
Of the *Cecropian* Mothers, and their vvo.
The ruthless Urn stands forth to give the dooms
VVhich with the tribute of their fruitful wombs
Must feed the horrid *Minotaur* this year.
Oppos'd the mazes of his house appear,
Th' inextricable errour of his vault,
All which by *Dædalus* himself was wrought,
Who launching from *Minoian Crete* (that durst
Commit such weight unto the air the first)
VVith feather'd sails, had heart to venture forth
His liquid voyage for the cooler North;

In

In which he on the tow'rs of *Calcis* light,
And hanging up the waftage of his flight
To *Phœbus*, was the founder of this frame
Where now the Prieſteſs to *Æneas* came.
The Trojans ſummon'd to the holy gate
Seav'n Heifers of the herd immaculate,
As many choſen lambs, from ſacred fires
Vye with the pinacles their fragrant ſpires.
Deep in *Cumæan* rocks appear the grots
That utter Voyces by an hundred throats,
The Oracles of *Sybil*; by command
Upon the mouth the Dardan makes a ſtand,
VVhile all the features of the Virgin change,
Her flying hair in winds begins to range,
Bigger ſhe ſwells, and grows to higher ſtature,
Nor in her ſpeech or hue reſembles Nature:
Now, now (ſhe cries) implore we now our dooms:
(Æneas) Lo! the god! he comes, he comes,
Ceaſe not to pray, 'tis pray'r alone can cauſe
The dreadful houſe to open her vaſt jaws.
Numb fear the Trojans pierces to the bones,
While from his ſoul the Prince in prayer groans
To all the gods and goddeſſes, to heal
The wounds of *Troy*, her deſtinies reveal;
And that the Propheteſs in words may bind
Their Oracles, not ſhed them in the wind.
But lo! the Virgin yet in mighty caves
Impatient of *Apollo*'s fury, raves,
And ſtrives to ſhake the God out of her breſt,
VVho holds her with the greater weight oppreſt;
Till he have wrought her heart, the rebel tam'd,
Her rabid mouth unto his language fram'd,

VVhen

When of their own accord the hundred gates
Thus to the air disclose *Sybilla*'s Fates.
To thee, that hast at length triumphed o'er
The dangers of the Sea, upon the shore
Greater remain, thou shalt the Latine sway,
Not much transported to behold the day.
VVar, horrid VVar is in mine eye, behold
VVith bloudy billows foamy *Tyber* rold!
Not *Simois*, not *Xanthus*, not the Greek,
Nor *Juno* in these Realms shall be to seek:
A new *Achilles*, planted in this earth,
That from a goddess too derives his birth,
VVill hold it hard, while wandring thou shalt haunt
All *Italy* for help in cruel want;
From town to town implore a second aid,
To quench the fire another woman made;
But thou, for evils, slacken not thy course,
But bear upon them with the greater force,
VVhence lest thou wouldst expect, thy day shall break
In contributed Arms, and by a Greek.
Such truths, involv'd in darkness and in cloud,
Sybilla, goaded by *Apollo*, lowd
From the hoarse caverns of her horrid Den,
VVhose visage fell, and fury calm'd again,
To her the Trojan *Hero* thus began.
O Virgin, there is not a shape that can
Him once surprise, for whom the pregnant race
Of pain and peril have not a new face,
All are familiar, all perpens'd with me:
One boon I crave (since this is said to be
The gate of the infernal Court, the road
To the black Fen by *Acheron* o'erflow'd)

May

May I but to my dearest fathers shade
A visit give, conducted by thy aid.
From rapid flames, through flights of Arrows, torn
Through foes, him on these shoulders have I born,
VVho since with me supported hath the rage
Of Seas and Heav'n beyond his feeble age.
O, pity, gentle Virgin! son and father
Open the gate, and let us come together.
Thou certainly hast pow'r, whom *Hecate*
Must else in vain have trusted with the key.
Unto the Thracian Bard, his harp could give
Access, and the inamour'd Ghost retrive;
Castor and *Pollux*, having found the way,
Can each relieve the other every day.
VVhat should I speak of mighty *Hercules*,
And I as well of Heav'n am born, as these?
So cry'd he from the Altar where he clave,
To whom the propheteſs this answer gave.
Unto the Ghosts it is an easie way,
The gates of Hell are open night and day,
But to return, to see the light again,
This (Trojan) is the labour, this the pain;
Yet, that by some it hath been done, is true,
But they whom Heav'n so much esteem'd, are few.
The Coasts, impassable with Stygian Bogs,
Are full of nothing but of VVoods and Fogs;
Yet if you be so bent, so set, to make
Two Voyages upon the lower Lake,
And can afford to see the Land of Ghosts
VVith pains repeated, and at double costs,
This you must know, There consecrated is
Unto the potent Queen of the Abyss

A

A bough, in leafe, and pliant twig of gold,
Which branches of an envious tree infold,
While this againe darke woods and vales defend,
But hee hath not his pass; nor may descend,
That would behold *Proserpina*, without
The present of this goldy-locked sprout;
Of which, when one is gather'd, in the place
There comes another of the metal'd race.
This therefore seeke with raised eyes, and crop
With all the rites, which neither sword can lop
Nor humane strength, except the Fates agree,
And then but touch'd, it parteth with the tree.
But yet your navy (which you doe not know,
And while you on this holy threshold bow)
Is by the dead polluted, goe and see,
The body you will finde first buried bee,
Then with black sacrifice will wee set out
In wayes untroden by a mortal foot.
This said, with heavy cheare, with visage bent
Upon the earth, and on the darke event,
Æneas left the creeke, accompany'd
With his *Acates* treading by his side
In equall steps, and bearing equall weight,
While each is over-charg'd with hidden Fate
And to a Funeral the Mourners come
They know not where, and of they know not whom.
At length, arived on the shoare, their eyes
Behold where murdered *Misenus* lyes.
Æolian Misenus, to inspire
The soule with brass, and stir up martial ire
The greatest that the trumpet ever fam'd;
Hectars delight, whose charges he inflam'd,

And ever since, unto *Æneas*, dear
Whom in as high exploits he kept as near:
But unadvis'd, when with his hollow shell
He from a Rock had made the Sea rebel,
The envious Tritons, in the silent deep,
To hide their shame, him hurled from the steep.
The News of this calamity to more
Divulged streight, with clamour fills the shore,
While to perform the Rites, commanded by
Sybilla, they prepare immediately.
The wooden Altar of the dead to make,
The Cities of the savage herd they sack,
Where sounding axes doom to funeral fires
The oaken pillars, and the piny spires.
Æneas Master of the work, who grew
More confident by what vvas found too true
In loft *Misenus*, travailed with his eyes
Through the vvide Wood, to finde the golden prize,
VVhen from on high a pair of Doves were seen
Low at his foot to fall upon the green,
And rising thence, to make another flight,
As if they had ingag'd to play in sight,
VVhile taking check at rank *Avernus* now,
Anon they make a point upon the bough,
VVhich by dis-colour'd air her gold betrays,
As when an Oak in vvinter, his decays
By some adopted Misleto repairs,
And wears a Periwig of Saffron hairs.
So in the shade the sprouting metal shinde,
And so it crackled in the breathing winde:
Æneas greedy crops the vvilling twig,
And brings the Propheteſs her wished sprig.

But

But ſtill *Miſenus* is bewail'd no leſs,
While all unto his thankleſs corſe expreſs
In every part the Rite of Exequies;
For firſt the Oak and Pine in Billet riſe
Unto a mighty Pile, vvith Cypreſs brows,
And vvoven round about vvith mourning boughs;
To deck the top, ſome ſhining Armour bring,
In brazen Lavers ſome the boyling Spring,
To frozen limbs warm baths, and unction
Are now apply'd, and then the ſolemn groan.
The body, thus deplored, and array'd
In Purple Robes, upon the Bier is laid,
Others their ſhoulders to the burden lend,
Sadly officious to their heedleſs friend,
Till on the Pile their load they duely place,
Where he that gives fire, turns away his face.
To Heav'n the Odours, Oyls, and Incenſe all
In Flames ariſe, and let the aſhes fall;
Which reliques, where they quench the thirſty ſpark
With vvine, are put into a brazen Ark,
The vvork of *Corineus*, who vvith boughs
Of happy Olive, in proceſſion goes,
And ſprinkling holy water thrice about
The vvhole aſſembly, cleanſes it throughout;
Then bids the laſt adieu unto the ſhade,
To which *Æneas* in purſuance made
A Monument of haughty frame, that wore
The *Hero*'s Arms, his Trumpet, and his Oré;
Beneath the Mountain, which from thence they call
Miſenus, after him, and ever ſhall.
This done, as by the Prieſteſs was decreed,
To her the Prince again repairs with ſpeed;

And to her dungeon deep with the vast yawn,
And pebled gorge, the terrour of the lawn,
VVhich mighty vvoods inaccessible make,
And brown *Avernus* vvith the muddy lake,
So foul of breath, that not a bird there flyes
Between his Cauldron, and Heav'ns Arch, but dyes.
Here they Nocturnal Sacrifice begin,
Black Bulls twice two are brought, the Nun between
Their Antlars dashes vvine, and for a tast
Curles from their brows into the flame are cast,
With Pray'r to *Hecate* the Puissant,
Or in her upper, or her lower haunt.
Some stick the beasts, the reeking bowl receives
Red floods, a colly'd Ram *Æneas* heaves
Unto the Mother of the Furies, Night;
And her great Sister, Earth; then thy delight,
Proserpina, to thee, a barren Cow
Falls by his aid-imploring Svvord full lovv.
Nocturnal Altars for the Stygian King
Prepar'd, receive their vveighty Offering,
Where solid Bulls imire, in fat Oyl rost
Unto the sallovv Prince an Holocaust.
At this, behold, as vvaking light had dravvn
The devvy curtains of the Purple davvn,
The earth they trod upon began to lovv;
And the high heads of haughty vvoods to bovv.
In hideous shade the hovvling Curs of Hell
At the approaches of the Goddess yell.
Unhallovv'd feet (the Virgin cries) abstain
Far from the Grove; O far be the profane:
But thou, unsheath thy Svvord, and may vve speed,
Novv of undaunted courage is the need,

Now

Now (*Hero*) of the boſom firm and faſt.
VVhich ſaid, her ſelf into her gulph ſhe caſt:
Immediately he follows with a tread
As bold and fearleſs, as was hers who led.
Ye Pow'rs that ſway the ghoſts and ſilent ſhades,
Chaos and *Phlegeton*, the Groves and Glades,
The Mute and ſolitary Realms of night,
And endleſs ſleep, aſſiſt me while I write;
O be it granted to my pen to ſound
And raiſe, what Prophets ſing, from the profound.
Obſcure, depriv'd of Heav'ns directive aid,
Through *Pluto*'s empty Lands and Towns they ſtrai'd.
As Hunters in the VVoods, whoſe colours hide
Their envy, and have loſt their painted pride,
In dusky air, to which no light is born
But by the Moon, and in her waning horn.
Before the gates, and in the jaws of Hell,
Heart-eating care, and perturbation dwell,
Grief, Melancholy, Sickneſs, Pain, Diſeaſe
And ſad age make their marble beds with theſe.
Hard labour, and oppreſſion kennel by,
With black-mouth'd hunger, naſty poverty:
Then luſts, and ſurfeits of a thouſand kindes,
Revenge, and all the evil ſweets of mindes.
Upon the other hand fell Diſcord, Wrath,
Murder, with deadly War, and breach of Faith
In Iron Briderooms of the Furies revel;
Between 'em both lies death upon a level,
To which her Siſter ſleep inclines her head
By ſhady leaves, and branches over-ſpread,
That from an hollow Elm derive the arms
Where giddy dreams are hatch'd by buzzing ſwarms.

Theſe monſtrous ſhapes converſe with many more,
The Centaures have their ſtalls within the dore,
VVhere threefold *Gerion* as Porter ſtands,
The other Gyant with the hundred hands,
The *Hydra* with her horrid ſhreiks, the dire
Chimera breathing flame, and ſpetting fire,
The *Scylla's*, *Gorgons*, *Harpies*. At the ſight
Æneas arm'd himſelf with all his might,
And had his learn'd Companion not ſhew'd
The hollow Images, no wiſe endu'd
With body, were but air that could not feel,
Had vainly laid among them with his ſteel.
Hence leads the way to *Acheron*, the flood
VVhich boyl'd in troubled Gulphs, and choakt with (mud,
Into the River diſ-imbogues his ſewers,
VVhich hideous *Charon* to the Oar inures.
Charon the ſqualid Ferry-man that glows
VVith goggle eyes, and hangs his naſty cloaths
About him by a knot, or with a pin
Under the gray hedge of an unplacht chin,
But in a ruddy and a freſh old age;
Such is the Boat-man, and his Equipage,
VVhoſe ſoaken wherry rowed with a pole,
Or wing'd with rags, tranſports the fleeting ſoul.
Hither upon the banks confus'dly gather
Aſwel the *Hero*, as the Babe, the Father,
The Son, the Virgin, and the Mother come
In flocks, like birds which vvinter drives from home,
Or leaves that peſter all our fields and vvalks
VVhen mellovv Autumne once has nipt their ſtalks.
They ſtand inamour'd of the farther ſhore,
With tears the churliſh Water-man implore

To

To be the first embarqu'd, who picks and chuſes,
And drives them far away whom he refuſes.'
Æneas wondred what the Ferry-man
Or Fares would have, to whom his guide began.
Son of the Goddeſs, thou behold'ſt the ſound
By which the Pow'rs above are ſworn and bound;
They that intreat and wring their hands in vain,
Are ſouls whoſe bodies un-interr'd remain;
They that are taken have acquir'd the aid
Of burial; nor till their bones be laid,
Or they have air'd themſelves by vvandring here
Upon this hither coaſt an hundred year,
May any of the reſt be wafted o'er
The hoarſer trenches of the wiſhed ſhore.
Æneas ſtopt already full of thought
For ſuch as ſuffer'd by anothers fault,
While ſad and deſtitute of Funeral-rite,
Orontes came with *Palinure* in ſight,
Whom when he ſaw and heard, he ſtrove to eaſe,
Till they reproved by the Propheteſs,
Deſpair to bow the Fates of Heav'n by pray'rs,
And take their leaves. From hence the Prince repairs
Unto the Stygian Ferry with his guide,
Whom froward *Charon* had no ſooner ſpy'd
Deſcending from the Woods unto his bowre,
Then un-provok'd he thus began to choure.
Stand off, whoere thou be'ſt, that arm'd haſt heart
To offer at our Wharfe; ſay, what thou art,
And why thou com'ſt. Theſe are the Realms of ſlum-
If ye be fleſh, I carry no ſuch lumber, (ber,
Or little boaſt that mighty *Hercules*,
That *Theſeus*, that *Perithous*, (though theſe

Were known to be Heav'n-born) have been my fares;
And you, may chance, are for such feats, as theirs.
One of those youths before my Soveraign
Hells Mastiff caus'd to tremble in his chain,
The other made more haste, I trow, then speed
To force my Leiges Consort. Fine indeed.
No plots, no wiles, good *Charon*, (says the Maide)
Nor Arms we bring to conquer, or invade.
May deep-mouth'd *Cerberus* for ever bark
To his pale shadows, quaking in the dark:
By her good Uncle, fair, and void of stain,
Long may the chaste *Proserpina* remain.
Trojan *Æneas* to the Stygian sound
For Piety, and for his Arms renown'd,
To see his father greets profoundest night.
At which she brought the golden bough to light.
Charon appeased at the signe, ashore
His Sky-blew pinnace turn'd, where with his Ore
He clear'd the coast, the deck, and then aboard
His seam-rent shallop took the mighty lord.
She sunk again, and with her crazy plank
Slowly dispatch'd the fen she deeply drank;
At length the Prince and Priestess safe to mud
And oosy sedge deliver'd from the flood.
These Quarters waking by the triple-jaw'd
Alarms of *Cerberus* are kept, and aw'd:
The Blood-hound kennel'd in a dreadful cave
Bristled his snakes, to whom the Virgin gave,
Of honey and of herbs, some sleepy sops,
Which instantly devour'd by his six chops,
With hideous Limbs he strews the loaden flores,
VVhere the vast Cur claps in his taile, and snores.

Æneas

Æneas gaines the paſs, the guard thus bound,
And quits the irrenavigable ſound.
Voyces with cries and ſhreiks forthwith are heard
Of tender Babes, that weep in the firſt ward,
And torn from the dear Dug at which they lay
By Deaths raſh hand, bewail the diſmal day.
Next, ſuch as by abuſed Juſtice fell
On Earth, more ſubject unto this then Hell,
Where Stern, but righteous *Minos* moves the Urn,
And with a Jury which the Ghoſts return,
Inquires into the lives and facts of all
Pertaining to the Verges criminal.
Next theſe are they, who wiſhing no man ill
Their purple ſouls with their own hands could ſpill:
VVeary'd again, how joyful would they be
Of brazen yoaks, or iron povertie!
But they from this by *Styx*, about them wound
In nine innavigable Arms, are bound.
Hence to the field of ſighs and ſobs (for ſo
The place is call'd) they have not far to go:
Here whom the Tyrant Love had in their lives
Eaten unto the bone with canker'd gyves,
In ſecret haunts and myrtle covert take
Their paſtime, dreaming as they us'd to wake.
Thus *Procris* with *Evadne*, *Eryphile*,
And many more their ſorrows would beguile.
Freſh bleeding *Dido* thus the ſhrubs provides
With Crimſon Berries trickling from her ſides.
Whom when *Æneas*, ſo uncertainly
Beheld, as he that ſees, or ſeems to ſee
The cloudy Moon in her firſt quarter riſe,
His cheeks were overflown by his full eyes.

Her

Her thus in tender love accosted he:
Unhappy *Dido*, now, ah now, I see
The horrid News was true, infernal steel!
Dire wound! what have I done? what do I feel?
Ye Pow'rs of this black Empire; all that sway
The golden light of Earth or Heaven, say;
Say ye, whose doom hath sent me hither too,
If I from *Carthage* were not torn by you;
Nor had I yet, could I have known the cost,
Obey'd the cruel gods, dear, dearest ghost.
The Royal shade stood bent the time he spoke
Upon the earth remorseless as a rock,
Then hasted to *Sichæus* in the grove,
VVho answers to her care and to her love.
In vain *Æneas* with his tears and cries
Pursues the animated air that flies.
Hence to that part of Purgatory low,
VVhere men of Arms their penance take, they go.
Here first occur the fam'd *Parthenopæus*,
The forms of pale *Adrastus* and *Tydeus*,
Then Trojans that forsook their Orbs of lustre
In blood, and set in tears, their long files muster.
The passengers are throng'd on either side,
And pester'd with the souls, unsatisfi'd
Once to have seen such guests, or heard their news,
They must have Repetition, and Re-views:
VVhile all in dread the Grecian Squadrons hye
Into the darker woods, retreat or flye.
As thus the destin'd time begins to waste
The Virgin minds the Prince of needful haste;
And here the parting road in two is cleft,
The right leads to *Elyzium*, on the left

A Rock gives way, and ſhews the triple wall
Of a vaſt Citadel deep in the Vale.
In firy torrents, and in moulten ſtone
Her Ditches drink *Tartarian Phlegeton*,
Her copper gates, 'gainſt which Heav'ns force would faint,
Are hung on Jawms of ſolid Adamant,
Her iron Turrets boaſt their ſteepy hight,
VVhere grim *Tyſiphone* both day and night
Is in her bloody Frock upon the guard;
Hence chaines, hence ſounding ſtripes, and groans are heard.
Æneas ſtood in dread that drunk the noiſe,
And cry'd, O Virgin, ſay, what would the Voyce!
The yelling! what infernal brood of paine
Or torment ſings this dire, this doleful ſtraine!
To whom the Propheteſs: Captain renown'd,
No undefiled foot that guilty ground
May tread; but *Hecate* when ſhe ordain'd
Me warden of *Avernus*, all explain'd
And ſhew'd me every puniſhment, the Pow'rs
Above have truſted to thoſe ſoory Tow'rs.
This ruthleſs Juriſdiction is the lot
Of *Rhadamanthus*, who unties the knot
Of hidden life, and opens all the crimes
By late repentance left to ſadder times.
Vengeful *Tyſiphone* inſulting takes
The guilty ghoſts, them ſcourges with her ſnakes
Into eternal pains by thoſe black gates
VVhere raw *Megera* with her ſiſter waits.
VVithin the damned, deep as Heav'n is high,
Into the gulph of darkneſs plunged, lye.
There roar the ſons of earth, the race that ſtrove
To rend the ſtarry throne, and tear out *Jove*,

VVho

VVho with his bolt them to the bottom threw.
Salmoneus there in torture did I view
For daring with his team and brandisht torches
To act the ecchos of Cœlestial porches,
To ape *Joves* fire through troubled *Greece*, where he
Assum'd the honour of a Deitie:
VVretch, that with brass and horny hoofs would plun-
Heav'n of in-imitable storm and thunder, (der
The fire of gods him, not with hollow blast
Or flaming wax, out of his Chariot cast,
But with the proper Arms of raging Skies
By which eternally he buryed lies.
Tytius, the foster Brother of Earths brood,
Nine prostrate Acres of foul flesh, for food
Unto the ravenous Vulture yeilds, that pearches
In his deep bosom, which her round beak searches
His Bowels, in her banquet, and his pain
Still fruitful, while they burgeon fresh again,
Nor have his new sprung heart-strings quiet ever,
The haggard tyres on his immortal liver.
VVhat should I tell you of the *Lapithæ*,
Ixion and *Pirithous*, how they
At board, beneath a Rock still falling, are
Deter'd from tasting of their Royal fare?
These places wait for such as in their lives
Banisht their Parents, or undid their VVives,
A Brother persecuted, or a Child;
For Lawyers that their Clients have beguild,
For such as being wealthy, (and these swarm)
Did no man good, or did the needy harm,
Th' Adulterer, th' Incestuous, such as be
VVholly abandon'd unto luxurie,

That

That dar'd to take up Arms againſt their reaſon,
Or were the brands of civil ſtrife or treaſon.
Their puniſhments are more then can be ſpoken,
Some roll huge ſtones, ſome on the wheel are broken.
The woful *Phlegeas* fills the ſallow clime
With the hoarſe warning of his impious Crime.
All whom the Sun yet views from golden roads
Learn to be juſt, and not deſpiſe the gods.
Theſe, for Ambition or ſome private cauſe,
Betray'd the publick, made and un-made Laws;
Others, with gold or offices inclos'd,
A Tyrant upon common right impos'd.
Had I an hundred mouths, an hundred tonghes,
Had I an iron voyce, or brazen lungs,
The forms that here of wickedneſſes dwell,
Or of Heav'ns Vengeance, could I never tell.
This ſaid, the hoary Propheteſs directs
To *Pluto*'s Hall which battlements detects,
And Flankers hammer'd in the *Cyclops* forges;
Hither her charge to bear the ſprig ſhe urges.
The gloomy way they rid, and ſoon reſort
Unto the Palace, where they gain the port,
And here, beſprinkled with freſh water thrice,
Æneas offers up the golden prize.
Theſe rites perform'd, the goddeſs thus preſented,
Unto the Manſions by the bleſt frequented,
The groves, the walks of green *Elyſium*,
The fields of happineſs at length they come.
Theſe airy Countries freer Heav'n indues
With golden rays, which proper lights infuſe,
A Sun and Moon peculiar to this Sphere.
The yellow ſands, the graſs-green plaines appear

In

In endleſs exerciſe of games, and dances,
Poetick raptures, and melodious trances.
The Thracian Prieſt in flowing rayment breaks
The ſilence of the raviſh'd air, which ſpeaks
Unto his fingers or his Ivory quill
As theſe with ſoul his ſeavenfold wyres inſtil.
Here the firſt Founders of the Trojane race,
Sons of heroick times, in bliſs embrace,
Ilus, *Aſſaracus*, and they whence came
The *Teucrian* firſt, and then the *Dardan* name.
The empty Car gives leave unto the ſteed
Unharnoys'd through the juycie Vale to feed:
The Lance is ſtuck into the earth, what grace
The ſhining courſer, when they were in place,
The Chariot or their Arms contributed,
The ſame purſues, and ſtill adorns them dead.
Others upon the turf, or in the ſhade
On every ſide, are at their banquets laid,
Or ſing the praiſes of the gods, unto
Sweet-ſmelling woods through which cool Rivers flow.
Here ſuch as for their countrey ſpent their blood,
Divines whoſe doings made their ſayings good,
Poets that wrong'd not *Phœbus*, ſuch whoſe parts
Have poliſh'd Nature with invented arts,
And all whoſe Bounties or whoſe Vertues tie
Their Friends or Country to their memorie,
Through deathleſs throngs admir'd, and honor'd go
In ſnovvy vvreaths upon a radiant brovv.
To theſe, as they about the ſtrangers gather,
Or him that vvas the talleſt of them rather
(*Muſæus* eminent above the preſs)
Thus ſpake the Venerable Propheteſs:

Say

Say ſouls in bliſs, or thou the beſt of Bards,
What Region of the fortunate rewards
Anchiſes? where abides he for whoſe ſake
It is that we have paſs'd the Stygian Lake?
The *Hero* briefly thus reply'd: VVe own
No fixt abode, no certain ſtation,
But wander dusky groves, or lay our ſelves
By ſtreams on their inamell'd ſhores or ſhelves;
But if to croſs that riſing Knowl you pleaſe,
I ſhall conduct you by this path with eaſe.
At which he led the way unto the brow,
VVhence they beheld the ſhining fields below.
Father *Anchiſes*, in the verdant Vallies,
Intent on troops deſign'd for ſecond Sallies,
Among the ſouls to put on fleſh again,
VVas viewing ſuch as ſhould be of his ſtrain;
Here he the Prince to croſs the Mead eſpy'd;
At which he wept, he rais'd his hands, and cry'd;
And art thou come! do I obtain the grace
(My ſon) to hear thy voyce, and ſee thy face!
By men or gods, what could expected be
Beyond his Valour, or his Pietie,
VVho from the light unto the ſleepy ſhade
To ſee his Sire hath ſuch a Voyage made!
So I believ'd, and in ſuch hope to be
Thought long, though it have not deluded me.
From what a world of VVaves, of VVildernesſes,
Of cruel cares, of perils, of diſtreſſes
Do I receive thee! how my heart miſ-gave
Me, leſt the Lybian Realm ſhould be thy grave!
This ſpeech *Æneas* breaks with vain eſſays
To fold the hollow ſhade in his embrace,

That

That leads him thence unto an hidden Vale
Where murmuring woods in trancing seats impale,
VVhich *Lethe* washes with her drowzy source;
To this in throngs the Phantoms have recourse,
And hover on her banks, as Bees o'er Flowers
While Summer sleeps in party-colour'd bowers,
And Odors through the buzzing fields are blown.
Æneas, moved at the Vision,
Inquires the causes of the vast resort;
VVhereof *Anchise* begins to make report.
These naked souls, as those the fates prepare
A second clothing of the flesh to wear,
In tumult press to the *Lethean* brink,
VVhere they numb draughts, and long oblivion drink.
And for thy future Joy in *Italy*
There be of them that shall derive of thee.
O father, cries the Prince, that souls refin'd
Should to their lees again be thus inclin'd!
Say, in so blessed Natures what so curst
Can be, as to provoke so dire a thirst!
To whom the aged Sire at large replies,
And thus unfolds the sacred Mysteries:
From the beginning Earth and Heav'ns extent,
The lucid globes, the liquid Element
Are nourish'd by a Spirit, which resides
Within, a soul the mighty engine guides,
Which with the body vast throughout is blended:
Hence man, and beast, hence are the fowls descended,
And all the Monsters that the wide Seas breed;
There is in every one an Heaven-born seed,
A flamy vigour so far forth as they
Comber'd with flesh, embas'd with deaths allay,

Are

Are capable of the Cœlestial Fire
In Prisons dark, through which they fear, desire,
Rejoyce or grieve, according to the load
Whence well they cannot rise, or look abroad:
Nor when deliver'd from their Carnal Gyves
Can all the Taint, the Canker of their Lives
So soon be done away. Things that have lain
Together long, must for a time retain
Some sent or savour, they contracted by
Each other, followes of necessity.
Hence are we exercis'd, while any stain
Continues, or in that, the sense of Pain:
Hence buck'd in Gulphs, or bleach'd in empty Wind,
Hence cauteriz'd with eating Fire, we find,
And bear our own, each Ghost of us, then some
Transmitted unto large *Elysium*,
And thence again, a few of these unto
The Field of Happiness; we wander so
Until a thousand yeers have wheel'd about;
And taking all the spot and sully out,
Leave nought but pure Ætherial Desire
In Airy sparks of incorporeal Fire;
Then by the Plastick God, the callow Souls
Are call'd unto the Waves which *Lethe* rolls,
And in her Wine, forgetting former pain,
Labour for Flesh, and to be Flig again.
This said, *Anchises* takes 'em both along
And from a Brow within the murm'ring Throng,
Which round about discover'd every face,
Proceeds to shew, which should the *Dardan* Race,
That promis'd *Italy* is to inherit,
Indow with Glory, and Illustrious Spirit.

Seest thou, sayes he, the Youth that leans upon
That Lance? his Lot is to be sooneſt gone,
And mixed with *Italian* Blood, to bear
The *Alban* Name of *Sylvius* in bright Air.
To aged thee, thy wife *Lavinia* brings
Him late in Woods, a King, and Sire of Kings,
Whoſe Throne in *Alba*, ſhall our Sons enjoy.
Procas, the Glory of reviving *Troy*,
Is next, then *Capys* comes, then *Numitor*,
And, he that ſhall thy Noble Name reſtore,
Sylvius Æneas, both in Pietie
And Arms (if e'er he have his Right) like thee. (brows
What Youths! obſerve their Meen! they with the
In Civick Wreaths, or crown'd with oaken boughs
Are ſuch as ſhall be Founders unto thee
Of Cities, as *Nomentum*, *Gabii*,
Fidena; ſome the Mountain *Colatine*
Shall beautifie with Tow'rs, ſome ſhall deſigne
Pometii, *Caſtrum*, *Bola*, *Cora*; they
As yet are none, but will be Names one day.
Then *Romulus*, a meet Companion
Unto his Grandſire adds himſelf the Son
Of *Mars*, and *Ilia*; in whom the Line
Of great *Aſſaracus* begins to ſhine.
Obſerve the Poſture of his double Creſt,
Whom *Jove* with honours of a God hath dreſt;
'Tis he from whom great *Rome* ſhall ſpread and riſe
Large as the Earth, and lofty as the Skies.
Reaching into her ſelf by her fair VVall
Sev'n Mountains teeming Men, in Arms as tall,
On her Triumphant Car, and crown'd with Tow'rs
Like *Berecynthia* Mother of the Pow'rs

Above

Above, shall she with hundreds by her side
Of her immortal Race, for ever ride.
As in that Soveraigne People may'st thou see
Thy Romans, then the *Julian* Progenie;
Lo! there the man to thee so often sung,
The *Cæsar* promis'd by the Gods, Heav'n-sprung
Augustus, who the golden Age, no more
Since *Saturn* seen, in *Latium* shall restore:
In him the Roman Empire shall extend
Unto the sooty *Garamant* and *Inde*,
Beyond Heav'n-bearing *Atlas* and his Load,
The Sun, the Seasons, or their Oblique Road.
At what Prophetick Extasie shall broach,
VVhat Oracles shall tell in his approach?
The *Caspian* Sea, *Meotis*, and her Lake,
The troubled Stream of seven-fold *Nile* shall quake.
Nor *Hercules*, although he tam'd the VVild
Of *Erymanth*, the brass-hoof'd Hinde beguild,
Shook *Lerna* with his Bow, in all his Stories
O'er-ran so many Realms and Territories.
Nor he that reins his Tygres with his Vines,
The Father of glad Liberty and VVines,
VVhen he at *Nysa* turn'd his conquering Car.
And doubt we left our Vertue go as far!
Or fear we *Italy* whence this must rise!
But who is he that bearing Sacrifice
And bound with Olive, shews his hoary chin,
In habit Priestly, Royal in his Meen?
'Tis he, 'tis *Numa*, from a Village come
Unto an Empire, he shall polish *Rome*
The first with Laws, or with Religion.
Him *Tullus* shall succeed to wake the throne,

To stir his drouzy People, put his Men
In mingle of un-accustom'd Arms agen:
VVhom bolder *Anchus*, by the Peoples Love,
Born to an higher Pitch, yet soars above.
Then *Priscus*, by the Eagle taught his fate,
Then *Servius*, second Founder of the State;
And last of all comes *Tarquin*: the great-soul'd
Avenger *Brutus* follows him, behold
His Rods and Axes; this is he shall bear
The first in *Rome*, the Ensignes Consulare;
So loyal unto lovely Libertie,
That his own Children shall no sooner be
Her Rebels, then he call them to the Block.
Unhappy Father! true; but let 'em look
VVhich way they please, his Country shall improve
To endless Fame, the conquest of her love.
Torquatus, with the Axe of direr Proof;
The *Decii* and the *Drusi* stand aloof.
Behold *Camillus*, who shall rally *Rome*.
But they whom thou perceivest in the gloom
At concord, and in equal Arms, so bright,
Horrour! if e'er they come to see the light,
How will they rout her? what a miserie?
A Scœne of Blood? a Shambles shall she be?
O'er *Alpine* Rampards, *Cæsar* draws the VVest,
And *Pompey* meets him with the rising East.
Ah wo is me! my sons forbear to break
Into such fewd, or on the VVomb to wreak
Your Fury, whence your Valiant Blood was given.
Ah! hold, and thou that from relenting Heaven
Deriv'st thy God-like Soul, first quit the strife;
O thou! first cast away thine Arms, my life.

That

That fame is *Mummius*, whose wheels shall role
Through crimson *Greece* to the high Capitol,
The triumph'd *Corinth*. And the next will be
Æmilius, whose loaden Victorie
On ruin'd *Argos* and *Mycene* shall tread,
The Race of great *Achilles* captive led,
And cause the sacrilegious spoil of old
Extorted from our *Troy*, to be retold.
See *Cato*, *Cossus*, see the *Gracchi*, those
Two thunderbolts of VVar, the *Scipio's*;
Fabritius vvealthy in the truest gain;
There is *Atilius* sowing of his grain;
Here greatest *Fabius*, who alone the way
To do our hardest work, findes in delay.
Let others, with a softer hand, bequeath
To Marble Life, and Brass indue with Breath;
Plead causes better; let there be that know
The Learned Staff, and how the Planets go;
That can their Azure Purlues and their Field
Survey with more exactness, this I yeild.
But Roman, thou remember to give Law,
The meek to cherish, and the proud to aw,
In Peace and VVar, alike to conquer Hearts,
The Secrets of bright Empire be thy Arts.
This said, *Anchises* adds; *Marcellus* there,
In brighter Trophies dims the Golden Air.
Rebellious *Gaul* shall kneel to furnish him
For Father *Jove*, with the third *Spoil Opime*.
At which *Æneas* (vvho a Youth espi'd
Of Forme egregious, by *Marcellus* side
In radiant Arms and Equipage advance,
But with a much dejected Countenance)

In-

Inquir'd what he unto the Hero was,
Or in Relation to the promis'd Race,
What meant the tumult of his train, the height
Of his fair Brow, but bound about with night,
To which *Anchises* with abortive tears:
Ah Son! thou div'st too deep into our cares,
Him will the Fates no sooner shew, then hide;
Ye Gods, with yonts the Roman Pow'r had vi'd,
If she this treasure might have call'd her own,
Whose loss shall make the walls of *Mavors* groan;
VVith brine raise Swelling *Tyber* from his bed,
Salt waves on the devouring Turfe to shed:
Nor ever came there of the *Dardan* Blood
A Youth in whom the hopes of *Latium* stood
So high, or the *Romulean* Territory,
Throughout her Volumes of illustrious story.
Ah Piety! ah Faith of ancient hue,
And Arms unconquer'd! what a loss have you?
VVhether he had on foot drawn out his force,
Or with his heel inspir'd the Foamy Horse;
The soul that should have met him in the fight
Had thenceforth bidden to the world Good night.
Ah deplorable Child! yet could'st thou through
Thy hard Fate break, thou were a *Marcellus* too.
Fill me my hands with Lilies, with the Bloom
Of Purple let us strew our Nephew's Tomb.
Thus had *Anchises* now convey'd his son
Throughout Infernal Air's wide Region.
The Dreams that issue from the lower Sreights
(As Learned Bards deliver) have two Gates,
The one of Horn, the other arched high
VVith Architraves of Polisht Ivory;

To

To truth alone the former giveth way,
The latter opens unto what they say:
By this the Passengers dismist the sound.
His Fleet *Æneas* at *Cajeta* found.

FINIS.